

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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SPRING.

"Nimium ne crede."

SPRING is coming! It uncloses
Tiny leaves on all the roses!
Snowdrop, hyacinth, and crocus
An inquiring eye can focus!
Nature says that Spring is coming
And the bees will soon be humming!

Spring is coming! By degrees
Rise the rows of early peas!
Spring is coming, sure and steady —
Slugs and snails have come already!
Nature says that Spring's approaching,
On the Winter's steps encroaching!

Spring is coming! Elm and chestnut —
Horse-, of course, and not the best nut —
Put forth buds; and larches slender
Wear a green that's fresh and tender!
Nature says that Spring is nearing,
Soon the cuckoo you'll be hearing!

Spring is coming! From their sleeping
Beds the tulips now are peeping!
Birds are singing, blithely winging,
'Mid the swinging branches clinging!
Nature says that Spring is near us —
That's a prospect which should cheer us!

Spring is coming! But her pleasing
Promises may end in freezing!
All the buds and blooms are lost,
May or April bringing frost.
Nature cries that Spring is coming,
But experience says she's humming.

— Fun.

EXCELSIOR!

THE chains of Trade were falling fast,
As to the Tory benches passed
A youth, through social snow and ice,
Who bore a flag with the device —
"Excelsior!"

His brow was brass: his eye, beneath,
Slept like a dagger in its sheath;
And, 'twixt the stabs of his keen tongue,
Ever in under-tone there rang —
"Excelsior!"

He smote his foemen black and blue,
His friends he served, a henchman true;
He turned from Truth's white mountain-throne,
And upwards pressed, with stifled groan —
"Excelsior!"

"Try not that road!" Experience said,
"Truth's rocks hang threatening o'er thy head;
The stream of Proof runs deep and wide,"
But, firm, that stubborn voice replied,
"Excelsior!"

"Oh, stay," fair Fiction cried, "and rest
A laurelled head upon my breast!"
A flash awoke his slumbrous eye,
But faded, as he gave reply,
"Excelsior!"

"Ware Toryism's rotten branch!
'Ware democratic avalanche!"
Such was calm Caution's last good-night:
A voice replied, from Treasury height,
"Excelsior!"

As Tory Chieftains officeward
Expectant turned their keen regard,
Discussing chances, hopes, and fears,
His voice burst on their startled ears —
"Excelsior!"

There, on Ambition's topmost round,
This climber at his goal was found,
Triumphant over snow and ice,
True to his flag and its device,
"Excelsior!"

For all his triumph, in cold blood,
Passionless, but not proud, he stood:
As from Truth's peaks, crowned with her star,
A proud voice rang above him far,
"Excelsior!"

— Punch.

BISHOP GRAY.

(Dedicated to A. C. LONDON.)

He's all your fancy painted him;
A sound High Church divine;
But Natal it is another's
See no more void than mine.
You shoved not out one never shoved
With shove in legal way:
Oh the law, the law'll be broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY!

The mitre leave suspended o'er
His brow at airy height;
The new lawn sleeves put by for him
Whilst you are bound by right.
His mitre name no more to me;
His sleeves take hence away:
Oh the law, the law'll be broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY!

I shrunk not, when they summoned me
To swell the censure's blast,
But due tribunal there was none;
No valid judgment passed.
Then since that truth must be confest,
Don't give us cause to say,
Oh the law, the law was broken
By the move of BISHOP GRAY.

— Punch.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE THREE LYRISTS; HORACE,
BURNS, AND BÉRANGER.

THE mystical fascination which the Number Three used to exercise over the human mind, receives some excuse from interesting facts in the history of literature. Thus, there are three supreme epic poets, Homer, Virgil, and Milton. There are three masters of Greek tragedy, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. There are three unrivalled satirists, Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Swift. And there are three lyrists, who stand out in the annals of song, enjoying a popularity beyond all competition, — Horace, Burns, and Béranger. It is with the last triad that our business lies at present. It seems to us that each of them may be better understood if all three be compared together; and that whatever essential similarity can be shown to exist between them, will tend to throw light on the lyrical character and the lyrical genius.

The points of coincidence in the condition and temperament of these men of different nations, are curious, to begin with. They were all of humble degree by birth, yet more or less fortunate in some circumstances of their training. They were all, for parts of their career, in Government employment. They all early found patrons among men of rank. They all held a kind of mixed politics, the result of the fluctuations of the ages in which they lived. They all enjoyed popularity during their lifetimes. All three were strongly susceptible of religious impressions, but hostile to prevailing dogmatism and superstition; keenly alive to the love of friends, and the charm of women; deeply tinged with melancholy, though cheerful at ordinary times, and hilarious on festal occasions. All were patriotic to a degree exceeding the zeal of common men. And though the basis of their genius in each case was a gift of creative spontaneity which defies analysis, they all alike worked on traditional material, literary and musical; and worked on it in the true artistic spirit, — with much love of form, finish, symmetry, and grace. Finally, what is profoundly significant, these three song-writers all began with satire, — a thoroughly humorous vein of satire being common to the group.

In order to draw out this parallel with any fulness, it will be best that we should take a glance at each of our lyrists separately. Béranger has been little discussed in England, considering his European celeb-

rity, and the material illustrative of him at the disposal of students. Horace and Burns are more talked of; but the latest views regarding even these poets are far from being as generally known as some people suppose.

It is a strange thing to reflect upon, that Horace, who died one winter's day just eighteen hundred and seventy-five years ago, should have more readers even yet, than either Burns or Béranger. We apprehend, however, that this admits of no doubt. It is another piquant fact of the kind, that even these evergreen classical reputations have their good and bad seasons, — their periods of fashion and of neglect. In the eighteenth century, we hear of Horace everywhere, from the pulpit to the ball-room. But for many years after our own century opened, he was no longer the mode. He ceased, as Niebuhr says, to have justice done him; and in the lectures which Niebuhr delivered at Bonn in 1828-9, that great scholar protested against the reaction. Since then, there has been a highly active Horatian movement in literature. Hofman Peerkamp, a Dutch professor of great distinction, gave an impulse to this, in an unusual way. He issued, in 1833, a work, the object of which was to show that a good deal of the present text of Horace is spurious and supposititious. Such audacity roused the Germans, and the subject can hardly be said to have gone to sleep again yet. But the revival extended beyond the province of criticism, strictly so-called. Canon Tate and Dean Milman in England, Baron Valckenauer and others in France, conducted excellent investigations of the poet's whole life and genius, — and, indeed, his life had been treated with injustice as well as his genius. Translations, too, have multiplied, till a certain impatience of them has become manifest. Some are spirited and sympathetic paraphrases, like those of Father Prout and Lord Derby; some are more severe, but equally able, like those of Professor Conington. Others, again, repeating the error of Francis in new shapes, are loose in style, and modern in character, — echoes of Moore rather than of Horace.

Meanwhile, substantial agreement may be said to have been arrived at on some long-agitated Horatian questions. The old poet's character emerges out of the latest discussions as sound and loveable as ever. A Brutus and Cassius man in his youth, he gave in his intellectual adhesion to the Emperor only when the Empire had become a distinct and beneficent necessity. It was, in fact, his own cause, for the raising of new men, and the encouragement of letters were

essential parts of the Cæsarean policy. But he could still sing the praise of "the noble death of Cato." Nor was there anything servile in his attitude towards Augustus, whose services to the State he celebrated in a manly and independent kind of way. Augustus chid him playfully for not courting him more. Compared with the attitude of Boileau to such a ruler as Louis Quatorze, that of Horace towards Augustus—who, whatever else we may think of him, was one of the ablest sovereigns that ever lived—stands out with something of a classical dignity. With regard to his private life, what writer has shown more filial piety, or shown it with a finer disregard of all the mean social fears which beset low natures in unexpected prosperity? What man has ever been more familiar with the rarer and sweeter natures of his time? As for his morals, he would not have understood what is held on some branches of morals by the modern world, which has no right to measure him by its own standards. And Buttmann did a good deal to put people right on one matter at least, when he subjected the heroines of the love-songs to a critical inquiry. There are some eighteen of them, but they vanish away when looked at closely. The Pyrrhas and Glyceras are mere Greek statuettes. The Lalage of one lyric is not the Lalage of another; and Lydia dissolves into two figures, one as shadowy as its sister. Mr. Newman contends for the historical reality of Cinara, and is a little annoyed with Horace for not having married her. But even Cinara proves to have been a mere name on investigation. These hours of literature, with yellow and myrrh-scented hair, and crowns of ivy or rose leaves, were just as much Greek ornaments of Horace's library as the figures which Atticus bought in Athens for the library of his friend Cicero's Tusculan villa. The fact is, that in one whole class of his Odes, our friend the Venusian simply used the Latin language as an ivory on which to paint Greek subjects. This is so indisputable, that he has often been treated within the last half century or so as a mere imitator, whose satires and epistles alone deserve much admiration. But to talk in this way, is to talk just as great nonsense as those gentlemen who pretend to know all about the family of Tyndaris; or who believe Horace to be in downright earnest when he relates how, having fallen asleep in his childhood on Mount Vultur in Apulia, doves came and covered him with leaves of laurel and myrtle. He imitated the Greek lyrics undoubtedly; and there is a sense in which

Burns imitated the old Scotch song-writers, and Béranger the *chansonniers* of the eighteenth century. Tradition is essential to the popular lyricist, who must also avail himself, in order to seize the popular heart, of known and familiar artistic forms,—just as of known and familiar airs or tunes. But through imitation Horace learned to be original. The charming odes addressed to his friends Septimius, Pompeius, Varus, and others, are not fancy-pieces, but fresh from life; while such noble passages as the description of Regulus in the *Cælo tonantem* are thoroughly Roman. Scholars who insist too much on the imitative side of Horace's labours, seem to forget that the Greek lyricists Alcæus, Sappho, and others, continued to exist alongside him for many ages, and that, if he had been anything like a mere echo of them, his works would have been allowed to fall into oblivion. As it was, he appears to have been as popular through the whole Roman empire as Béranger in France, or Burns in Great Britain. We cannot say, indeed, how far it was possible for a writer to penetrate the masses in a civilization of which slavery formed so large a feature; but there is evidence enough that Horace was as widely known as any classical writer could become. Now, it is a cardinal point about our three lyricists, and their own peculiar triumph, that they gained the multitude without losing the cultivated classes. "If anybody provokes me," boasts Horace, "he shall weep for it, and be sung about all through the city." Béranger, whose songs were heard in every *cabaret*, tells us, not without complacency, that Louis XVIII. was accused of having them on his night-table when he died. Who such a formidable enemy of the Bourbons as Béranger? But the head of the Bourbons was a great lover of Horace, and knew a truly good song when he saw it. Success of this double kind is by no means the necessary attendant of all kinds of lyrical greatness. Odes like those of Gray or Wordsworth, even songs like some of Mr. Tennyson's, are not addressed to the people. What can be grander in its way, for example, than Tennyson's bugle-song? But take a stanza of it:—

O love, they die, in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, and field, and river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.

Who can even imagine a stanza like this being sung by a country girl, while spread-

ing her webs to bleach near a running stream?

This illustration of a poet's popularity is taken from Allan Cunningham, who records it as his own experience in the matter of the popularity of the songs of Burns. Burns, like Horace, has been differently estimated at different periods, since his death in 1796, ten years after his poems burst upon the world. His first biographers, including even Dr. Currie, obviously underrated him; and Walker especially (of whom the world would never have heard but for his acquaintance with the great man) writes in an intolerable and contemptible strain of patronage. It was the misfortune of Burns to be born in an age when Scotland had ceased to be a kingdom, without having reconciled herself to the condition of a province. In an earlier time he would have been happier, for whatever his circumstances his heart would have been more at peace. In a later time, he would have emigrated young, risen to fame and fortune, and left, probably, greater contributions to literature than any of those for the sake of which the world cherishes his memory. As it was, he fell upon a generation whose society and literature were both eminently artificial, and wrote his best things in a language the doom of which was already sealed. His whole life was thus a moral struggle, as well as a physical and social one; a struggle between a loyal romantic Scots heart, and a society fallen into narrow divisions, with their class prejudices and local meanesses; between the consciousness of original power, and the check imposed by the overvaluing of mere formal education on the part of an age which had forgotten what poetic originality really was. We hear much of Burns's flattering reception, in the winter of 1786, by the Edinburgh men of letters. But they were after all mere mediocrities; for the era of Hume had passed away, and the era of Scott had not opened. Hume was dead; Adam Smith was in declining health, and suffering from the depression of spirits which overtook him after the loss of his mother. Those whose names one hears as receiving Burns—let us say Blair and Mackenzie, for instance—wanted a relish for real genius, and evidently regarded the poor bard as a miraculous Ayrshire ploughman who thought much too highly of himself. Indeed, gross exaggeration long prevailed on the subject of Burns's actual position and attainments. He was not a peasant at all, to begin with, but came of an old stock of Kincardine-

shire farmers, who seem to have been people of some superiority, for his grandfather is found joining his brother agriculturists in setting up a school. His reading, from boyhood upwards, was what would have been thought respectable in almost any class of life at that time; for, with all the talk about Scotch education, it is the diffusion, rather than the degree of knowledge of any kind, that makes the Northern kingdom remarkable. But though in reality no vulgar portent, Burns was too much treated as such; and he left Edinburgh with stings lurking in his breast, for which the hospitality that curiosity about him had excited did not compensate. His drinking-bouts with what he calls "the stately patricians" of Edinburgh, produced not only headaches, but heartaches, which were much worse to bear.

That Burns's poems should have been admired, can hardly be claimed as a credit for that generation. Their power is so glaringly undeniable; they are so superior to any Scottish poems that the country had seen for centuries; that to overlook them would have been simple barbarism. Yet they only reached two editions in Burns's life-time, though he lived ten years after achieving his fame. Nor are those apologists more successful who would extenuate the meanness of the sordid patronage which placed him in an employment of seventy pounds a year. Scotland, through the influence of Dundas, had a large share of crown patronage at that time, but it was bestowed on those who had no claims but relationship, or who made up for the want of that, by the qualities so admirably portrayed in Sir Pertinax Macsyeophant. Lord Brougham and the late Mr. McCulloch are not unnaturally surprised that Adam Smith should have been fobbed off with a commissionership of customs. But this was a joke to making Burns a gauger. And it is no excuse to say that he was "a poet, and as a poet unfit for business." There are, indeed, some morbid modern poets of peculiar schools who shrink even from criticism; who are afraid of being looked at; and who are capable of nothing but producing their highly artificial stuff in a retirement cheered by the occasional company of toadies. But the type of poet we are investigating just now is quite a different kind of man. Whether it be the strong vein of humour which seems an essential part of him, that widens the lyrist of this class, or not, certainly he has always sound common-sense, and tact, and a practical faculty for affairs. Burns astonished

people as much by the judgment with which he behaved in a society quite new to him, as by his genius. His talk and correspondence were admirable, and the extant papers of the excise show that he quickly learned, and excellently discharged, all kinds of business that came in his way. The similar qualities of Horace, whose lot was cast among a more generous people, were chiefly displayed in the mixture of taste and discretion with which he filled his place in the high Imperial society. As for Béranger, some of the ablest men in France loved to illustrate his good worldly wisdom by comparing it to that of Franklin.

Burns was undoubtedly the least fortunate man of our group, from every point of view. The best friend that his genius got for him, the Earl of Glencairn, who might perhaps have been to the poet something of what Mæcenas was to Horace, or Prince Lucien Bonaparte to Béranger, was cut off by death. Yet his name will last if only in these beautiful lines:—

The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child,
That smiles sac sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me.

For this "Lament" promises to live as long as the *Tyrrhena regum progenies* on the one hand; or the *dédicace* of the *Chansons* published in 1833, on the other. There was a strong romantic element—a feudal feeling akin to that of Sir Walter—in the original attitude of Burns towards the ancient Scotch families. It is seen very clearly in his curious Jacobite letter to Lady Winifred Maxwell, the heiress of the Earl of Nithsdale; in his correspondence with Mrs. Dunlop, who came of the Wallace blood; in the dedication of his second edition to the Caledonian Hunt; and in the high-spirited, heart-stirring "Address to Edinburgh." We are reminded in the last poem of the—

Quid debeat, O Roma, Neronibus,
Testis Metaurum flumen—

and not a few similar passages, of Horace. But the stern experience of life taught Burns that the time for generous illusions was gone by. The Jacobite became a Jacobin, or something like it. The poet

who had addressed Mr. Tytler, the champion of Mary Stuart, in such verses as these—

My fathers that name have revered on a throne,
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he willingly slight it—

lived to sing "A Man's a Man for a' that," and to welcome the French Revolution. If, at one end of his career, he could, like the Roman poet, think kindly of the Etrurian grandees, and of the Claudii, and Lamie, of his Northern land,—at the other end of it, he handed over his torch to one who cared little indeed for such recollections and associations,—a child of the Revolution destined to perpetuate its glories, and to continue its work. Fate seems to have curiously linked together these lyrists; and Béranger, who knew neither the language of Rome, nor of Great Britain, lived to be repeatedly entitled "the Horace," and "the Robert Burns" of France, by men well competent to judge of both.

Burns, like Horace, had enjoyed the advantage of being the son of a good and wise father; and of receiving that sound domestic training which books cannot give, and which the want of books does not necessarily impair. It is curious to compare the Roman poet's grateful record of the excellent old freedman who kept his youth pure from all corruption,—

Servavit ab omni
Non solum facto, verum opprobrio quoque turpi,—

with the Scotch poet's similar testimony to the equally humble and admirable cotter of Ayrshire:—

My father was a farmer upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me in decency and order, O.

Pierre Jean de Béranger, born in the Rue Montorgueil, in Paris, in August, 1780, was less happily situated in this important respect. His father was a Picard from the neighbourhood of Péronne, a good-natured careless Frenchman, of volatile character, and wandering habits, in whom, or his career, we can trace none of the solid qualities which belong to his celebrated son. The father of this De Béranger had kept a *cabaret* near Péronne, having been aban-

doned by his father, who re-married in England, and whose name and designation were Béranger de Formentel. But in spite of their condition, the father and grandfather of the poet resolutely maintained a claim to belong to the *noblesse*, and bequeathed him (their only legacy) a genealogy in which they asserted themselves to be descended from the great house of the Counts of Béranger in Provence. The poet was described as *De Béranger* in his *acte de naissance*, and through life adhered to "the particle;" that famous particle, the right to bear which is so fertile a theme for pleasantry among the wits of Paris, and about which Balzac was so persistently tormented. Béranger, we need not say, became as fervent a democrat as his father was a royalist, and made the "*de*" the occasion for a celebrated song:—

Et quoi! j'apprends que l'on critique,
Le *de* qui précède mon nom.

* * *
Je suis vilain et très-vilain . . .
Je suis vilain,
Vilain, vilain.

He tells us, however, that he could have passed for a noble if he had liked; though it is no wonder that he never cared for the subject, bred among the people as he was, and making of the ideas of the Revolution a life-long worship. His youthful training was of a vague and various kind. His father, after having been a lawyer's clerk in the provinces, came to Paris, where he fell in love with the lively and attractive daughter of a tailor, in whose house the song-writer was born. The father and mother separated in six months. The father wandered away to Anjou and elsewhere in search of employment, and the mother went to live by herself, while young Pierre Jean continued under the roof of the good old tailor. Sometimes he went to see her, and she would take him to the theatres in the Boulevards, or to little dances in the country; so that he learned something of the strange drama of human life in Paris even before learning to read. And what a drama life in Paris was during the boyhood of Béranger, who grew up in a Revolution, as Horace had done before! At nine years of age he saw the taking of the Bastille from the roof of a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where he had been sent to school, but where he got no other lesson, he says, than the lesson of that spectacle.* In the

October of the same year, 1789, while walking with one of his aunts, they found themselves surrounded by a crowd of men, and of women of dreadful appearance. They were carrying the bloody heads of the *gardes-du-corps*, massacred at Versailles, on pikes; and one of these heads passed quite close to the shuddering boy. When thinking of it, adds he long afterwards, I can see it yet; and he thanked Heaven that he had been away from Paris during the Terror.

He escaped the scenes of that worst period of the Revolution (which, Republican as he was, he always deplored,) by having been sent to an aunt at Péronne. The good poor woman looked at the lad of nine years and a half, whose grandfather could no longer maintain him; whose father freed himself from him as a burden; whose very mother gave herself no thought about his fate; and who had been sent to her by the diligence as a kind of worthless parcel of humanity to be stowed away as she best could. "It is impossible for me to charge myself with him," said she, in her perplexity; and Béranger never forgot that moment. "Scenes like these," he remarks, "quickly ripen reason in those who are born to a little of it!" But the honest kindly aunt, a moment afterwards, clasped little Pierre Jean, with tears in her eyes, and exclaimed, "*Pauvre abandonné!* I will be to you a mother!" "Never," writes the grateful poet, "never was promise better kept!" She will be remembered in literary history, in her turn, with the *libertinus* of Venusia, and the grave kindly Scots father, who sleeps in Alloway kirkyard. Béranger calls her his real mother; and describes her as a woman of superior mind, who had made up for a defective education by serious and select reading. He was still unable to read aloud when she received him, though he had already contrived to get through the *Henriade*. She took him in hand, with the aid of a *Racine*, a *Télémaque*, and Voltaire's dramas; and an old schoolmaster taught him to write and cipher.

This excellent aunt's position was that of keeper of a small inn; and, as may be supposed, she could not bestow on her nephew anything like a high education. He remained through life, in his own words, unable to decline *musa*, a muse, or *rosa*, a rose; and ignorant of every language but that of his own land. We all know the attitude

less excellent than his verse. In the satires and epistles of Horace we can see the capacity for a prose style, if need be; while that of Burns (though occasionally turgid) is full of vigour and animation.

* *Ma Biographie*—a posthumous work, and an admirable contribution to autobiographical literature. The prose of Béranger is scarcely, if at all,

towards the ancient masters which a misfortune of this kind would have caused a narrow-minded mediocrity to assume. Such a man would have gone through life protesting that the Falernian grapes were sour; would have sneered at classical scholars; and made hazardous jests about "Greek particles" without any distinct idea of the place occupied by the particles in the structure of the language. But Béranger was a man of genius, and an honest man. Circumstances did not enable him to teach himself Latin, as Rousseau had done. But he always deplored his want of such knowledge as a misfortune; and he has expressed the feeling in remarkable passages of his letters. His ignorance of Latin gave him more pain, he declares, than all that he suffered from the poverty of his youth. "Horace is to me," he writes, "the Unknown God!" * "The happiness I most envy is that of knowing Greek." † But perhaps he exaggerated his disadvantages after all. For he was a great student of the best translations, to begin with; especially those of Aristophanes, who had a perfect fascination for him. And then there were the best models of his own brilliant and graceful literature, which he studied thoroughly. From a very early period he loved the standard old French models, in spite of his sympathy with the Revolution, and its influence on literature. He had no respect for the extravagance and eccentricities to which the Romantic movement led; or with the "easy writing" of later times. "If this sort of thing goes on," are his words, "Racine and La Fontaine will soon be in want of translators." — "We shall soon have people writing," observes he elsewhere, "who have not learned to read." He did not belong, he protests, to the creators of what is called *la littérature facile*, — "the mortal foe of that other literature which has been the joy of my life, and was once the pride of France!" In precisely the same spirit, Horace toiled lovingly at the *exemplaria Græca*; and Burns compared, sifted, analysed, the old Scotch ballads and songs, and the poems of Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, and the Queen Anne men.

Béranger remained in Péronne till he had reached the age of fifteen, having passed two years of the time in a printing-office — a part of his experience to which he always looked back with interest. He had also attended, during a small portion of this period, a gratuitous primary school, one of the thousand new schemes which the ferment of revolution had inspired. Meanwhile,

the Revolution itself, and its results, were giving him an education of their own, which blended strangely with the charm of the sonorous elegance, or exquisite and delicate playfulness, of the writers of Louis Quatorze. He attended a club where republican songs were sung, and republican speeches made, an influence to which he attributed the birth in him of *le goût de la chanson*. His aunt herself was full of the enthusiasm of the hour, with which the whole moral air of France was hot. The boom of the cannon of the English and Austrian forces besieging Valenciennes reached Péronne at the distance of sixteen leagues across the plains of Picardy, and woke an echo of hatred of the foreigner in young Béranger's sensitive heart. When a salute announced to the town that Toulon had been retaken, he was on the ramparts, and at every gun his heart throbbed with such violence that he was obliged to sit down to recover his breath. If young Burns, some twenty-five years before, had glowed with patriotic passion on reading of Wallace, what must have been the emotions of a French youngster of kindred soul, with the enemy on the frontier? The love of the national flag, and a certain jealousy of the foreigner, lasted with Béranger through the whole of his long life. In spite of all his admiration for Voltaire, both as genius and reformer, he scarcely ever forgave him his zeal for foreigners, and he never forgave him his outrage to the memory of Joan of Arc.

When Béranger returned to Paris, not long before the time of Burns's death at Dumfries, he found his father and mother living together again, and his father engaged in operations on the Bourse, and Royalist intrigues. Béranger's mother, whom, as he relates, he nowise resembled, either physically or morally, died soon afterwards — her life having been shortened by her "imprudences" — at the age of thirty-seven. The young Béranger joined his father in his money dealings, and became a clever financier; and he got some near glimpses of the kind of men who were plotting for the return of the Bourbons. But in 1798 the house broke down, and the growing poet — for he had already written much verse — found himself plunged in poverty. This period of his life corresponds to the period which intervened in the life of Horace between the battle of Philippi and the gift from Mæcenas of the Sabine farm. Among the earliest of Horace's writings were his Archilochian Iambics against upstarts like Vedius Rufus; Béranger wrote Alexandrines against Barras and his adherents;

* Correspondance de Béranger, vol. II. p. 137-212.

† Ib. vol. III. 410.

and rejoiced when Bonaparte overthrew the Directory. Republican as he was, he thought Napoleon — just as Horace thought Augustus at Rome — the only man capable of governing his disordered country. He admired him, besides, for the genius which had covered the French arms with glory; and sympathised with him, as a new man whose career was itself an embodiment of the hopes and ideas of the Revolution. Looking back to those days, long afterwards, he speaks of them as a time "when I was often hungry, but when France was great and glorious!" He was, indeed, poor enough; poorer than Horace had ever been in his worst days, without, like Horace, having enjoyed a high cultivation. He lived in a garret on the sixth story, in the Boulevard Saint Martin, where the new century found him living on bread and cheese and writing poetry, with a wardrobe consisting of three bad shirts, ("*qu'une main amie se fatiguait à raccomoder,*") and everything else to match. "I was so poor!" — he tells a friend of after years. "The humblest party of pleasure forced me to live on *panade* which I made myself." * Yet there were such little parties, sometimes; and there were friends, and love, and songs; and, in spite of all its hardships, Béranger seems to have looked back to that phase of his life with much more pleasure than pain. It was the period of the *Grenier* and of *Lisette*, and is represented by some of the most charming of his songs; for the song-writer, more than any other poet, pours out himself, and his life may be traced from point to point in his strains, as the year is marked by the succession of the notes of different birds.

Béranger was cheerful and hopeful; but the view from his little garret-window, in spite of its occasional adornment by a curtain in the shape of Lisette's shawl, continued to be dark. One day in the beginning of 1804, it occurred to him to send some of his manuscript poems to Lucien Bonaparte, the most lettered man of the Bonaparte family. He selected for the purpose two copies of dithyrambic verses of four or five hundred lines, and enclosed them with a private communication. Two days passed, when a letter arrived, which Béranger opened with a trembling hand. The senator had read the poems, and wished to see the poet! "My eyes filled with tears," are Béranger's words; "and I gave thanks to God, whom I have never forgotten in my moments of prosperity." The reader can fancy the situation. It was that of Horace, when, after the introduction of Varius and

Virgil, the Etruscan grandee opened his heart to him; that of Burns, when the letter of good Dr. Blacklock reached him, just as, flying from bailiffs and intolerable misery, he was about to embark at Greenock for the West Indies. Béranger borrowed some better clothes than his own, and hastened to present himself to the brother of the First Consul. Lucien received him with every kindness, and having to leave for Rome soon afterwards, assigned to him his allowance as a member of the Institute. There were three years of the *trailement* in arrears, which Béranger received at once. The lyricist is a kindly and loyal man. Béranger made over the greatest part of this sum to his father; exactly as Burns advanced two hundred of the five hundred pounds which he got for his second edition to his brother Gilbert. The good effect of having Lucien for a patron did not stop with the income of a thousand francs a year. It indirectly led to Béranger's being employed by the painter Landon in preparing a list of drawings of the pictures and statues in the galleries of the Louvre, then yearly enriched by the plunder of Europe. The poet could now help, not only his father, but his sister, and the widow of the "good old tailor," as he always calls him, his grandsire.

Three years later, and still through the indirect operation of the patronage of Lucien, Béranger obtained a clerkship in the department of Public Instruction. He began to be known, too, among men of letters; and his genius ripened under the influence of his constant reading and observation. The writings of Chateaubriand made a deep impression upon Béranger. He owed it to Chateaubriand, he says, that he was ever any thing more than a Voltairian, and that he remained through life a spiritualist rather than a materialist in his philosophy. The spirit of the nineteenth century finding expression through an improved form of the style of the eighteenth, — that is the combination which the songs of Béranger present to us. Though a writer of songs from early youth, Béranger tried several other species of composition before devoting himself entirely to the *genre*. We hear of a poem about Clovis; of a poem about Joan of Arc; of comedies. But he never contrived to satisfy himself in these fields; nor was it till 1813 that his reputation as a song-writer began to spread, and to encourage him to cultivate more than ever his special talent. The *Sénateur*, the *Petit Homme Gris*, the *Gueux*, but above all the *Roi d'Yvetot*, ran through society in manuscript copies, and delighted the lov-

* Correspondance, vol. i. 423.

ers of such things, — always, observes Béranger, a numerous body in France. The *Roi d'Yvetot* — that delightful little portrait of a kind of French King of Brentford, whose crown was a nightcap; his guard a dog; and who journeys round his kingdom on a donkey — was a comic but kindly satire on the Imperial policy, and had a great success: —

Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
 Quel bon petit Roi c'était là !
 La, la.

Béranger was elected to the *Caveau*, a club of wits and song-writers, presided over by Désaugiers, who held a place in it corresponding to that held by Charles Collé in the *Caveau* of the previous century. Of all the song-writers of that century which loved song so much, Collé was the gayest and most pungent. There is a neatness and grace, — a smartness, piquancy, and prettiness together, — suggesting a kind of cracker bonbons for the suppers of the gods, — about his *chansons joyeuses*. But, unfortunately, it is almost impossible to quote them; they are fit only for that private room in the Bourbon Museum at Naples, which zeal for classical learning alone (no doubt) induces so many travellers to visit, but from which youths under eighteen are rigorously excluded. Collé was private reader to the Duke of Orleans, for the entertainment of whom and his friends he wrote songs, and little theatrical pieces, and he knew the tone of his society. There is *gaillardise* enough in Béranger's songs, especially the early ones. But Béranger, — and this is his great distinction, — elevated the *chanson*, both morally and intellectually. In the hands of Collé, it was an aristocratic toy; in the hands of Béranger, it became a popular weapon.

The return of the Bourbons gave Béranger an admirable opportunity of employing it in its new character. Although a Bonapartist, he had never been an Imperialist. But when he saw foreign troops in possession of Paris, and a king whose very presence suggested national humiliation, his sense of the despotic character of Napoleon's government gradually grew weaker, and was succeeded by a kind of romantic tenderness for a name and family associated with so much glory and so much misfortune. The violet became in a kind of manner, to him, what the white rose once was to Burns; and his "Charlie" was so far away "over the water," — all the weary way to an island in another hemisphere! There were other conditions of the Restoration hateful to Béranger.

Grandeos of the emigration had come back, cherishing the vain hope that the whole changes of the last thirty years could be reversed, and the old society restored with the old dynasty. The *Marquis de Carabas* was the type of this class of inane fogies in Béranger's satire: —

* * *
 Vers son vieux castel
 Ce noble mortel
 Marche en brandissant
 Un sabre innocent.
 Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !
 Gloire au Marquis de Carabas !

Nor were the Marquesses of Carabas the only unwelcome visitors in Béranger's eyes. On all hands he heard the re-establishment of religious orders hopefully advocated. The Capuchins were to begin life again; the Jesuits were busy; a whole swarm of dusky creatures came to the light, — like disagreeable reptiles, of the slug or beetle kind, after a thunder shower! In the powerful satire, *Le Bon Dieu*, there is a piquant stanza on such as these: —

Je nourris d'autres nains tout noirs
 Dont mon nez craint les encensoirs.
 Ils font de la vie un carême,
 En mon nom lancent l'anathème
 Dans des sermons fort beaux, ma foi,
 Mais qui sont de l'hébreu pour moi.
 Si je crois bien de ce qu'on y rapporte,
 Je veux, mes enfants, que le diable
 m'emporte,
 Je veux bien que le diable m'emporte.

In *Les Capucins*, too, there is a lively satirical movement: —

La faim désole nos provinces;
 Mais la piété l'en bannit;
 Chaque fête grâces à nos princes,
 On peut vivre de pain béni.

Bénis soient la Vierge et les saints;
 On rétablit les Capucins !

In these ecclesiastical satires we have the counterparts of those which Burns produced during the Old and New Light controversy in Ayrshire — *The Two Herds*, for example, and *Holy Willie's Prayer*. But while the Scot had a miserably narrow field of action — dealing, as he did, with the provincial squabbles of an unlettered clergy, and writing in a *patois* — the Frenchman's audience soon became European. The annoyance of the Government, and its prosecutions, cost him the loss of his place in the *bureaux* of the university, and two

terms of imprisonment,—one in 1821, in St. Pelagie; the other in 1828, in La Force. But the sale of his volumes not only more than compensated for his place, but became a source of revenue for life. Success raised Burns to the position of—a gauger; with the privilege of dining at the houses of lairds who made him drunk, and whose wives sometimes cut him for the breaches of manners which such drunkenness produced. Success made Béranger not only independent in means, but one of the chiefs of the Opposition in France—the associate in politics of Lafayette, Dupont (de l'Eure), Benjamin Constant, Manuel, Thiers; the friend of Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Lamennais, Lamartine. Under Louis Philippe, office was open to him if he had been ambitious. A hint would have secured him a *fauteuil* in the Academy. But he kept aloof from such worlds; lived much in retirement—part of the time at Passy, Fontainebleau, and Tours; did a thousand acts of kindness and generosity, and lived and died a simple *chansonnier*. In the course of the last Revolution he was elected to a seat in the Assembly, but he resigned it almost immediately. When his life closed at a great age in 1857, so potent was the magic of his name, that the Imperial Government feared a republican movement at his funeral, and gave him public obsequies itself. The old tailor's grandson went to his grave between troops of soldiers stretching for miles, and with a whole city looking on, from roof to pavement. Shouts of "*Honneur à Béranger!*" rose and fell along the streets as the procession passed. These were, no doubt, what Horace would have called *supercavui honores*; but they are pleasant to think of as signs of the gratitude of a nation.

We have indicated, we think, not a few points of similarity in the fortunes and characters of the Three Lyrists; and such might be remarked even in the persons of at least two of them. Horace and Béranger were both little men; stoutish in middle age; one of them gray, the other bald, before his time; and of simple costume and manners. Of the face of Horace, we only know that his eyes, which were apt to suffer from weakness, were dark. The eyes of Béranger were large and blue; and his arched lips, sensitive and voluptuous, gave peculiar expression to a smile at once kindly and melancholy. The little Frenchman, too, had a large head, leaning towards his right shoulder, which was quaintly compared by one of his friends to "a skull of St. Chry-

sostom, with a face of Bacchus." * Horace and Béranger were men of town life—men formed by capitals; and the effect of this is seen in their writings. Burns had much of the character, as of the appearance, of the farmer; his manly build, his fresh complexion lighted up by dark eyes of singular lustre and beauty, suggested recollections of the hills and rivers, and the rainy West.

The emphatic distinction of the song-writer is not only that his songs are himself, but that in himself he is a high poetic representative of the common man. There are poets, and some of the greatest, who form a kind of caste, a sacred college, among themselves. One cannot fancy a small Æschylus, a little Milton, a miniature Wordsworth. If an ordinary writer attempted to write like these demigods of literature, he would give pleasure to no human being. In their high walk, you must be a demigod, or nothing. But the kind of charm which belongs to a Horace or a Béranger is simply the highest expression of a keenness of sense and quickness of feeling, which exist in less degree among many inferior men. They are the poets of the common world—not the commonplace world, which is a separate thing—but still the every-day world of their own generation. They express, with the peculiar and incomparable felicity of genius, the prevailing half-conscious thought of their time, and give voice to the universal passions which play through the life of the human race. Hence, each of them is a man relished by his contemporaries, and strongly national; and hence, also, their resemblance to each other, in spite of differences of race, epoch, and language. For the great elementary conditions of human existence are pretty much the same everywhere. All nations and ages worth taking cognizance of in literature have enjoyed the praises of good and the ridicule of bad men; the celebration of national glory, the beauty of the revolving seasons, or the pleasures of love and wine. The song-writer's soul is not "a star" that "dwells apart." He is a man of the world, with the sympathies and interests of the mass of men, and with his share of their frailties.

In a paper of this kind, where our object is to illustrate the type, rather than to analyze minutely the individual, we naturally dwell on the resemblances by which the existence of the type is proved, and its essential characteristics distinguished. All

* Béranger et Lamennais. Paris, 1861.

the leading themes of the song-writer are handled by these three lyrists in a similar spirit. Horace has his vein of natural piety, but he is against superstition. He tells rustic Phidyle that the simplest offering from a pure hand and an open heart is as welcome to the gods as the slaughter of ponderous oxen; a doctrine quite in accordance with that of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and with the inspiration of Béranger's *Dieu des Bonnes gens*. He loves the coolness of wells and the splash of fountains, the shade of the poplar and pine, the sound of music among the Sabine rocks; as Burns the wimpling of a Scotch stream through a glen or underneath the hazels; as Béranger the spring notes of birds in the woods and gardens sloping down to the Loire. Each poet, of course, regards such enjoyment from a point of view of his own: the Roman under his hot sky, and musing on a philosophy which preached pleasure, but could not escape a tinge of melancholy, seeks shade and repose, and momentary forgetfulness of the imperial city to which he knows that he intends to return. The Parisian's feeling is nearer to the Roman's than to that of their brother the Scot; but he colours even external nature with a tint from the politics of his age; nay, is sometimes unwilling that the birds should sing to any but his favourite idol, the people! In the Scot we have a deeper relation to scenery. He is a man of the North, with a vein of the mysticism of the Scandinavian blood; and he goes to nature for sympathy with his sorrow, as well as for a tender oblivion of it, and throws over the landscape the sentiment, whatever it may be, which has possession of his soul. We have said already that Burns is emphatically the rural lyrist of the three, though equally at home with human character, such as other influences contribute to make it. This appears in the love songs, as in all the rest. The heroines of Horace, whenever they appear to have any reality, are dwellers in the capital; damsels of the lute and lyre, whose beauty is the natural ornament of feasts, and of rooms laughing with silver. Those of Béranger (a democrat even in his loves!) are *grisettes*; it is part of their poetry that, however charming the taste of their simple and cheap attire, they shall be of humble belongings and occupation, daughters of the classes whose work is done in towns. We never hear of either batch of them as "coming through the rye," or encountering

* Sainte-Beuve, though a friend and admirer of Béranger, has not hesitated to censure this extravagance. *Causeries du Lundi*, 2d ed., vol. II. (1852.)

their lover among "the rigs o' barley," or parting with him by the banks of a country stream. Many of the heroines of all these are imaginary, as we have before observed of the Greek statuettes of Horace. There seems to have been an historical Lisette,* though the name is not always consistently used; but Rosette, Margot, Frétilton, Jeanneton, obviously answer to Pyrrha, Myrtale, Lalage, and that ideal sisterhood; and the same may be said of Tibbie Dunbar, Eppie Adair, and other Scotch lasses of homely names, the echoes of which will last long in Ayrshire and Nithsdale, and many a land far enough away from that which holds the singer's grave. Of the drinking songs, we may say, that in all these poets, they exhibit identity of inspiration, with a dissimilarity of details produced by diversity of latitude and climate. Horace calls for the *amphora* of Massican, which has been ripening in the *fumarium* ever since he was born. It is champagne that Béranger summons when he wants to see Margot's eyes sparkle:—

Le verre au main, voyez-la,
Comme à table elle babillé!
Quel air et quels yeux elle a
Quand le champagne pétille!

The Northern bard likes wine, too:—

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie—

he exclaims; and a still better and more passionate effusion begins:—

Yestreen, I had a pint o' wine.

But it is to malt, rather than to the grape, that we owe Burns's best drinking songs, of which none perhaps are more admirable than "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut." Such a stanza as:—

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wylo us hame;
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

is the very essence of poetic and bacchanalian fun.

To attempt anything like a Plutarchian *ἀνέκδοτος* or comparison of these lyrists, with a view to pronouncing on their relative

* See *Correspondance de Béranger*, I., 423; and *La Lisette Béranger*, by Thales Bernard. (1864.) The last title reminds us that we have seen a special dissertation called *Conjectures on Tyndaris*!

powers and merit, is a difficult and uninviting task. It is easy to decide that they stand nearer on a level with each other than any song-writer outside the trio stands towards either of them. The songs of Moore, however clever, are artificial — mere strings of epigrams for drawing-rooms. Those of Dibdin are some of them vigorous and natural, but on the whole, they have a factitious character, and one seems to see the Admiralty mark on them, — as if they were served out with other stores. Excellent songs are scattered about our literature, singly or in small groups; but as two or three epigrams do not make an epigrammatist, so two or three songs do not make a song-writer; and the Three are all fertile. There is a certain right of primogeniture in literature, as elsewhere, and to this Horace is entitled. His culture was far higher than that of the other two. He wrote not songs only, but odes, ranking with the higher grade of the lyrical art; as a moralist and satirist, and author of the "*Ars Poetica*," he has a station of his own among the magnates of letters which demands deference; and he has exercised a great influence over modern Europe. When Thiers said to Béranger, on his death-bed, "Do you know what I call you, Béranger? I call you the Horace of France," the *chansonnier* answered, with admirable readiness and good taste, "But what would the other one say?" He ought not to suffer for his modesty — the honest *chansonnier*, who always seems half ashamed of his great fame; yet it is not unjust to place him below an elder brother. How, then, rank him with the Scot, whose external history his own more resembles, though he was infinitely better appreciated and rewarded by his nation? Here another difficulty comes in — the danger of being warped by national prepossessions; to which one must add the prodigious disadvantage at which every foreigner stands in attempting to grasp all the merit of works like Béranger's, of which he himself says that they are "intimately French." We cannot find that Béranger — who must have read Horace over and over again in translations — owed anything in that kind of way to Burns. He formed himself on his own literature; and we have a right to remember, in measuring him with Burns, that the strong point of that literature was never pure poetry — poetry proper, strictly so called. In what may be defined as the worldly-poetic element — that which we see in our English Pops and Gays, as distinct from the Shakespeares and Shelleys — France is strong. Accordingly, for urban pangency of comic

power, for terse, concise, epigrammatic finish of expression, we can desire nothing better than Béranger. His satire dances to his music as charmingly as Puck at one of the balls of the Queen of the Fairies. But this is not all. There is a fine vein of tender sentiment in such songs as "*Qu'elle est jolie!*" "*Les Etoiles qui Filent*," "*La Bonne Vieille*," "*Les Souvenirs du Peuple*," and "*La Vieux Caporal*;" a vein sufficiently proving Béranger to be a poet, as well as a delightful humourist and wit. Burns, however, we cannot but think, reaches a loftier height, and strikes a deeper chord. Béranger is a song-writer in the best sense, but also in the narrowest sense of the word, — as, of course, he well knew himself. He is a song-writer, and nothing more. He has not left behind him a tale like "*Tam o' Shanter*;" a pastoral picture, or religious idyl, of grave and earnest beauty, like "*The Cotter's Saturday Night*." Again, there is, — to borrow an image from the cellar, — more *body* in the humour and tenderness of Burns, than of Béranger. The irony of some of "*Holy Willie's Prayer*;" the mixture of ludicrous delineation, with scornful mirth, in "*The Holy Fair*," — these pass beyond the sprite-like mockery with which the Frenchman taunts the Jesuits. Burns's satire has a dash of Hogarthian poetry, too, as in "*Death and Dr. Hornbook*," which Béranger's satire does not reach. On the other hand, it would be still vainer to seek in the always pleasant, and sometimes sweet and touching songs of Béranger's graver mood, anything so profoundly heart-moving as the songs of Burns on "*Highland Mary*." We cannot, in deed, read without a thoughtful melancholy, "*La Bonne Vieille*," already referred to. He opens with a soft music: —

Vous vieillirez ô ma belle maitresse!
Vous vieillirez, et je ne serai plus.

And the last stanza sustains the feeling: —

Objet chéri, quand mon renom futile
De vos vieux ans charmera les douleurs,
A mon portrait quand votre main débile
Chaque printemps, suspendra quelques fleurs,
Lavez les yeux vers ce monde invisible,
Où pour toujours nous nous réunissons;
Et bonne vieille, au coin d'un feu paisible,
De votre ami répétez les chansons.

But, —

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgomery —

And, —

Thou lingering star with less'ning ray,

belong to a different world. Indeed, they are perhaps *too* deeply tender for common singing. They are hymns rather than songs, and would hardly be out of place in churches.

We may remark, in conclusion, that, for the present, the kind of lyrical poetry of which Horace, Burns, and Béranger are the masters, seems to be extinct. We are in a literary winter when there are no singing birds; though, here and there, a "Theban eagle" may be sailing overhead, but communicating no delight to the multitude, out of sight of whom he wings his way through "the azure depths." The multitude have to fall back on the trash of the hour, which does not connect them by any link with the high literature of the world. Béranger and Burns have been in themselves an education for the poor of France and Scotland, — a consolation in their hard struggles, — a joy in their hours of mirth, — a voice for the feelings to which otherwise they could have given no adequate utterance. The want of living poets of such a class is a kind of national misfortune; but the best remedy for the want is the diffusion of the books which have been handed down to us from more opulent times.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

VESUVIUS.

THE eruption in progress, as we write, from Mount Vesuvius, and the numerous and violent eruptions from this mountain during the two last centuries, seem to afford an answer to those who would see traces of a gradually diminishing activity in the earth's internal forces. That such a diminution is taking place we may admit, but that its rate of progress is perceptible — that we can point to a time within the historical epoch, nay even within the limits of geological evidence, at which the earth's internal forces were *certainly* more active than they are at the present time, may, we think, be denied absolutely.

When the science of geology was but young, and its professors sought to compress within a few years (at the outside) a series of events which (we now know) must have occupied many centuries, there was room, indeed, for the supposition that modern volcanic eruptions, as compared

with ancient outbursts, are but as the efforts of children compared with the work of giants. And, accordingly, we find a distinguished French geologist writing, even so late as 1829, that in ancient times "*tous les phénomènes géologiques se passaient dans des dimensions centuples de celles qu'ils présentent aujourd'hui.*" But now we have such certain evidence of the enormous length of the intervals within which volcanic regions assumed their present appearance; we have such satisfactory means of determining which of the events occurring within those intervals were or were not contemporary, that we are safe from the error of assuming that Nature at a single effort fashioned widely extended districts just as we now see them. And, accordingly, we have the evidence of one of the most distinguished of living geologists, that there is no volcanic mass "of ancient date, distinctly referable to a single eruption, which can even *rival* in volume the matter poured out from Skaptár Jokul in 1783."

In the volcanic region of which Vesuvius or Somma is the principal vent, we have a remarkable instance of the deceptive nature of that state of rest into which some of the principal volcanoes frequently fall for many centuries together. For how many centuries before the Christian era Vesuvius had been at rest, is not known; but this is certain, that from the landing of the first Greek colony in Southern Italy, Vesuvius gave no signs of internal activity. It was recognized by Strabo as a volcanic mountain, but Pliny did not include it in the list of active volcanoes. In those days, the mountain presented a very different appearance from that which it now exhibits. In place of the two peaks now seen, there was a single, somewhat flattish summit, on which a slight depression marked the place of an ancient crater. The fertile slopes of the mountain were covered with well-cultivated fields, and the thriving cities Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, stood near the base of the sleeping mountain. So little did any thought of danger suggest itself in those times, that the bands of slaves, murderers, and pirates, which flocked to the standard of Spartacus, found a refuge, to the number of many thousands, within the very crater itself.

But though Vesuvius was at rest, the region of which Vesuvius is the main vent was far from being so. The island of Pithecusa (the modern Ischia) was shaken by frequent and terrible convulsions. It is even related that Proclayta (the modern

Procida) was rent from Pithecusa in the course of a tremendous upheaval, though Pliny derives the name Prochyta (or "poured forth") from the supposed fact of this island having been poured forth by an eruption from Ischia. Far more probably, Prochyta was formed independently by submarine eruptions, as the volcanic islands near Santorin have been produced in more recent times.

So fierce were the eruptions from Pithecusa, that several Greek colonies which attempted to settle on this island were compelled to leave it. About 380 years before the Christian era, colonists under King Hiero of Syracuse, who had built a fortress on Pithecusa, were driven away by an eruption. Nor were eruptions the sole cause of danger. Poisonous exhalations, such as are emitted by volcanic craters after eruption, appear to have exhaled, at times, from extensive tracts on Pithecusa, and thus to have rendered the island uninhabitable.

Still nearer to Vesuvius lay the celebrated Lake Avernus. The name Avernus is said to be a corruption of the Greek word *Aornos*, signifying "without birds," the poisonous exhalations from the waters of the lake destroying all birds which attempted to fly over its surface. Doubt has been thrown on the destructive properties assigned by the ancients to the vapours ascending from Avernus. The lake is now a healthy and agreeable neighbourhood, frequented, says Humboldt, by many kinds of birds, which suffer no injury whatever even when they skim the very surface of the water. Yet there can be little doubt that Avernus hides the outlet of an extinct volcano; and long after this volcano had become inactive, the lake which concealed its site "may have deserved the appellation of 'atri janua Ditis,' emitting, perhaps, gases as destructive of animal life as those suffocating vapours given out by Lake Quilotoa, in Quito, in 1797, by which whole herds of cattle were killed on its shores, or as those deleterious emanations which annihilated all the cattle in the island of Lancerote, one of the Canaries, in 1730."

While Ischia was in full activity, not only was Vesuvius quiescent, but even Etna seemed to be gradually expiring, so that Seneca ranks this volcano among the number of nearly extinguished craters. At a later epoch, Ælian asserted that the mountain itself was sinking, so that seamen lost sight of the summit at a less distance across the seas than of old. Yet within the last two hundred years there have been eruptions from Etna rivalling, if not surpassing,

in intensity the convulsions recorded by ancient historians.

We shall not here attempt to show that Vesuvius and Etna belong to the same volcanic system, though there is reason not only for supposing this to be the case, but for the belief that all the subterranean forces whose effects have been shown from time to time over the district extending from the Canaries and Azores, across the whole of the Mediterranean, and into Syria itself, belong to but one great centre of internal action. But it is quite certain that Ischia and Vesuvius are outlets from a single source.

While Vesuvius was dormant, resigning for a while its pretensions to be the principal vent of the great Neapolitan volcanic system, Ischia, we have seen, was rent by frequent convulsions. But the time was approaching when Vesuvius was to resume its natural functions, and with all the more energy that they had been for a while suspended.

In the year 63 (after Christ) there occurred a violent convulsion of the earth around Vesuvius, during which much injury was done to neighbouring cities and many lives were lost. From this period shocks of earthquake were felt from time to time for sixteen years. These grew gradually more and more violent, until it began to be evident that the volcanic fires were about to return to their main vent. The obstruction which had so long impeded the exit of the confined matter was not however readily removed, and it was only in August of the year 79, after numerous and violent internal throes, that the superincumbent mass was at length hurled forth. Rocks and cinders, lava, sand, and scorise, were propelled from the crater, and spread many miles on every side of Vesuvius.

We have an interesting account of the great eruption which followed, in a letter from the younger Pliny to the younger Tacitus. The latter had asked for an account of the death of the elder Pliny, who lost his life in his eagerness to obtain a near view of the dreadful phenomenon. "He was at that time," says his nephew, "with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud of very extraordinary size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and, after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, had retired to his study. He arose at once, and went out upon a height whence he might more distinctly view this strange

phenomenon. It was not at this distance discernible from what mountain the cloud issued, but it was found afterwards that it came from Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure than by comparing it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up to great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I suppose, either by a sudden gust of air which impelled it, whose force decreased as it advanced upwards, or else the cloud itself, being pressed back by its own weight, expanded in this manner. The cloud appeared sometimes bright, at others dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth- and cinders."

These extraordinary appearances attracted the curiosity of the elder Pliny. He ordered a small vessel to be prepared, and started to seek a nearer view of the burning mountain. His nephew declined to accompany him, being engaged with his studies. As Pliny left the house he received a note from a lady whose house, being at the foot of Vesuvius, was in imminent danger of destruction. He set out accordingly with the design of rendering her assistance, and also of assisting others, "for the villas stood extremely thick upon that lovely coast." He ordered the galleys to be put to sea, and steered directly to the point of danger, so cool in the midst of the turmoil around "as to be able to make and dictate observations upon the motions and figures of that dreadful scene." As he approached Vesuvius, cinders, pumice-stones, and black fragments of burning rock, fell on and around the ships. "They were in danger, too, of running aground, owing to the sudden retreat of the sea; vast fragments, also, rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore." The pilot advising retreat, Pliny made the noble answer, "Fortune befriends the brave," and bade him press onwards to Stabiae. Here he found his friend Pomponianus in great consternation, already prepared for embarking, and waiting only for a change in the wind. Exhorting Pomponianus to be of good courage, Pliny quietly ordered baths to be prepared; and "having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (which is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it." Assuring his friend that the flames which appeared in several places were merely burning villages, Pliny presently retired to rest, and "being pretty fat," says his nephew, "and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore." But it became necessary to awaken him, for the

court which led to his room was now almost filled with stones and ashes. He got up and joined the rest of the company, who were consulting on the propriety of leaving the house, now shaken from side to side by frequent concussions. They decided on seeking the fields for safety, and fastening pillows on their heads to protect them from falling stones, they advanced in the midst of an obscurity greater than that of the darkest night, — though beyond the limits of the great cloud it was already broad day. When they reached the shore they found the waves running too high to suffer them safely to venture to put out to sea. Pliny "having drunk a draught or two of cold water, lay down on a cloth that was spread out for him; but at this moment the flames and sulphureous vapours dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to rise. Assisted by two of his servants, he got upon his feet, but instantly fell down dead; suffocated, I suppose," says his nephew, "by some gross and noxious vapour, for he always had weak lungs and suffered from a difficulty of breathing." His body was not found until the third day after his death, when for the first time it was light enough to search for him. He was found as he had fallen, "and looking more like a man asleep than dead."

But even at Misenum there was danger, though Vesuvius was distant no less than fourteen miles. The earth was shaken with repeated and violent shocks, "insomuch," says the younger Pliny, "that they threatened our complete destruction." When morning came, the light was faint and glimmering; the buildings around seemed tottering to their fall, and, standing on the open ground, the chariots which Pliny had ordered were so agitated backwards and forwards that it was impossible to keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea was rolled back upon itself, and many marine animals were left dry upon the shore. On the side of Vesuvius, a black and ominous cloud, bursting with sulphureous vapours, darted out long trains of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Presently the great cloud spread over Misenum and the island of Capree. Ashes fell around the fugitives. On every side "nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women and children, and the cries of men: some were calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices: one was lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wished to die, that they might escape

the dreadful fear of death; but the greater part imagined that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together." At length a light appeared, which was not, however, the day, but the forerunner of an outburst of flames. These presently disappeared, and again a thick darkness spread over the scene. Ashes fell heavily upon the fugitives, so that they were in danger of being crushed, and buried in the thick layer rapidly covering the whole country. Many hours passed before the dreadful darkness began slowly to be dissipated. When at length day returned, and the sun even was seen faintly shining through the over-hanging canopy of ashes, "every object seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow."

It is most remarkable that Pliny makes no mention in his letter of the destruction of the two populous and important cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum. We have seen that at Stabie a shower of ashes fell so heavily that, several days before the end of the eruption, the court leading to the elder Pliny's room was beginning to be filled up. And when the eruption ceased, Stabie was completely overwhelmed. Far more sudden, however, was the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

It would seem that the two cities were first shaken violently by the throes of the disturbed mountain. The signs of such a catastrophe have been very commonly assigned to the earthquake which happened in 63, but it seems far more likely that most of them belong to the days immediately preceding the great outburst in 79. "In Pompeii," says Sir Charles Lyell, "both public and private buildings bear testimony to the catastrophe. The walls are rent, and in many places traversed by fissures still open." It is probable that the inhabitants were driven by these anticipatory throes to fly from the doomed towns. For though Dion Cassius relates that "two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, were buried under showers of ashes, while all the people were sitting in the theatre," yet "the examination of the two cities enables us to prove," says Sir Charles, "that none of the people were destroyed in the theatres, and, indeed, that there were very few of the inhabitants who did not escape from both cities. Yet," he adds, "some lives were lost, and there was ample foundation for the tale in all its most essential particulars."

We may note here, in passing, that the account of the eruption given by Dion Cassius, who wrote a century and a half after

the catastrophe, is sufficient to prove how terrible an impression had been made upon the inhabitants of Campania, from whose descendants he in all probability obtained the materials of his narrative. He writes that, "during the eruption, a multitude of men of superhuman stature, resembling giants, appeared, sometimes on the mountain, and sometimes in the environs; that stones and smoke were thrown out, the sun was hidden, and then the giants seemed to rise again while the sounds of trumpets were heard" — with much other matter of a similar sort.

In the great eruption of 79, Vesuvius poured forth lapilli, sand, cinders, and fragments of old lava, but no new lava flowed from the crater. Nor does it appear that any lava-stream was ejected during the six eruptions which took place during the following ten centuries. In the year 1036, for the first time, Vesuvius was observed to pour forth a stream of molten lava. Thirteen years later, another eruption took place; then ninety years passed without disturbance, and after that a long pause of 168 years. During this interval, however, the volcanic system, of which Vesuvius is the main but not the only vent, had been disturbed twice. For it is related that in 1198, the Solfatara Lake crater was in eruption; and in 1302, Ischia, dormant for at least 1,400 years, showed signs of new activity. For more than a year earthquakes had convulsed this island from time to time, and at length the disturbed region was relieved by the outburst of a lava stream from a new vent on the south-east of Ischia. The lava stream flowed right down to the sea, a distance of two miles. For two months, this dreadful outburst continued to rage; many houses were destroyed; and although the inhabitants of Ischia were not completely expelled, as happened of old with the Greek colonists, yet a partial emigration of the inhabitants took place.

The next eruption of Vesuvius took place in 1306; and then, until 1631, there occurred only one eruption, and that an unimportant one, in 1500. "It was remarked," says Sir Charles Lyell, "that throughout this long interval of rest, Etna was in a state of unusual activity, so as to lend countenance to the idea that the great Sicilian volcano may sometimes serve as a channel of discharge to elastic fluids and lava that would otherwise rise to the vents in Campania."

Nor was the abnormal activity of Etna the only sign that the quiescence of Vesuvius was not to be looked upon as any evidence of declining energy in the volcanic system.

In 1538 a new mountain was suddenly thrown up in the Phlegrean Fields—a district including within its bounds Pozzuoli, Lake Avernus, and the Solfatara. The new mountain was thrown up near the shores of the Bay of Baïe. It is 440 feet above the level of the bay, and its base is about a mile and a half in circumference. The depth of the crater is 421 feet, so that its bottom is only six yards above the level of the bay. The spot on which the mountain was thrown up was formerly occupied by the Lucrine Lake; but the outburst filled up the greater part of the lake, leaving only a small and shallow pool.

The accounts which have reached us of the formation of this new mountain are not without interest. Falconi, who wrote in 1538, writes that several earthquakes took place during the two years preceding the outburst, and above twenty shocks on the day and night before the eruption. "The eruption began on September 29, 1538. It was on a Sunday, about one o'clock in the night, when flames of fire were seen between the hot-baths and Tripergola. In a short time the fire increased to such a degree that it burst open the earth in this place, and threw up a quantity of ashes and pumice-stones, mixed with water, which covered the whole country. The next morning the poor inhabitants of Pozzuoli quitted their habitations in terror, covered with the muddy and black shower, which continued the whole day in that country—flying from death, but with death painted in their countenances. Some with their children in their arms, some with sacks full of their goods; others leading an ass, loaded with their frightened family, towards Naples, &c. . . . The sea had retired on the side of Baïe, abandoning a considerable tract; and the shore appeared almost entirely dry, from the quantity of ashes and broken pumice-stones thrown up by the eruption."

Pietro Giacomo di Toledo gives us some account of the phenomena which preceded the eruption: "That plain which lies between Lake Avernus, the Monte Barbaro, and the sea, was raised a little, and many cracks were made in it, from some of which water issued; at the same time the sea immediately adjoining the plain dried up about two hundred paces, so that the fish were left on the sand a prey to the inhabitants of Pozzuoli. At last, on the 29th of September, about two o'clock in the night, the earth opened near the lake, and discovered a horrid mouth, from which were vomited furiously smoke, fire, stones, and mud composed

of ashes, making at the time of the opening a noise like the loudest thunder. The stones which followed were by the flames converted to pumice, and some of these were *larger than an ox*. The stones went about as high as a cross-bow will carry, and then fell down, sometimes on the edge, and sometimes into the mouth itself. The mud was of the colour of ashes, and at first very liquid, then by degrees less so; and in such quantities that in less than twelve hours, with the help of the above-mentioned stones, a mountain was raised of 1,000 paces in height. Not only Pozzuoli and the neighbouring country were full of this mud, but the city of Naples also; so that many of its palaces were defaced by it. This eruption lasted two nights and two days without intermission, though not always with the same force; the third day the eruption ceased, and I went up with many people to the top of the new hill, and saw down into its mouth, which was a round cavity about a quarter of a mile in circumference, in the middle of which the stones which had fallen were boiling up just as a cauldron of water boils on the fire. The fourth day it began to throw up again, and the seventh day much more, but still with less violence than the first night. At this time many persons who were on the hill were knocked down by the stones and killed, or smothered with the smoke."

And now, for nearly a century, the whole district continued in repose. Nearly five centuries had passed since there had been any violent eruption of Vesuvius itself; and the crater seemed gradually assuming the condition of an extinct volcano. The interior of the crater is described by Bracini, who visited Vesuvius shortly before the eruption of 1631, in terms that would have fairly represented its condition before the eruption of 79;—"The crater was five miles in circumference, and about a thousand paces deep; its sides were covered with brushwood, and at the bottom there was a plain on which cattle grazed. In the woody parts, wild boars frequently haroured. In one part of the plain, covered with ashes, were three small pools, one filled with hot and bitter water, another saltier than the sea, and a third hot, but tasteless." But in December, 1631, the mountain blew away the covering of rock and cinders which supported these woods and pastures. Seven streams of lava poured from the crater, causing a fearful destruction of life and property. Resina, built over the site of Herculaneum, was entirely consumed by a raging lava-stream. Heavy showers of rain, generated by the steam evolved during the

eruption, caused, in their turn, an amount of destruction scarcely less important than that resulting from the lava-streams. For, falling upon the cone, and sweeping thence large masses of ashes and volcanic dust, these showers produced destructive streams of mud, consistent enough to merit the name of "aqueous lava" commonly assigned to it.

An interval of thirty-five years passed before the next eruption. But, since 1666, there has been a continual series of eruptions, so that the mountain has scarcely ever been at rest for more than ten years together. Occasionally there have been two eruptions within a few months; and it is well worthy of remark that, during the three centuries which have elapsed since the formation of Monte Nuovo, there has been no volcanic disturbance in any part of the Neapolitan volcanic district save in Vesuvius alone. Of old, as Brieslak well remarks, there had been irregular disturbances in some part of the Bay of Naples once in every two hundred years;—the eruption of Solfatara in the twelfth century, that of Ischia in the fourteenth, and that of Monte Nuovo in the sixteenth; but "the eighteenth has formed an exception to the rule." It seems clear that the constant series of eruptions from Vesuvius during the past two hundred years has sufficed to relieve the volcanic district of which Vesuvius is the principal vent.

Of the eruptions which have disturbed Vesuvius during the last two centuries, those of 1779, 1793, and 1822, are in some respects the most remarkable.

Sir William Hamilton has given a very interesting account of the eruption of 1779. Passing over those points in which this eruption resembled others, we may note its more remarkable features. Sir William Hamilton says, that in this eruption molten lava was thrown up, in magnificent jets to the height of at least 10,000 feet. Masses of stones and scoræ were to be seen propelled along by these lava jets. Vesuvius seemed to be surmounted by an enormous column of fire. Some of the jets were directed by the wind towards Ottajano; others fell on the cone of Vesuvius, on the outer circular mountain Somma, and on the valley between. Falling, still red-hot and liquid, they covered a district more than two miles and a half wide with a mass of fire. The whole space above this district, to the height of 10,000 feet, was filled also with the rising and falling lava streams; so that there was continually present a body of fire covering the extensive space we have mentioned, and extending nearly two miles

high. The heat of this enormous fire-column was distinctly perceptible at a distance of at least six miles on every side.

The eruption of 1793 presented a different aspect. Dr. Clarke tells us that millions of red-hot stones were propelled into the air to at least half the height of the cone itself; then turning, they fell all around in noble curves. They covered nearly half the cone of Vesuvius with fire. Huge masses of white smoke were vomited forth by the disturbed mountain, and formed themselves, at a height of many thousands of feet above the crater, into a huge, ever-moving canopy, through which, from time to time, were hurled pitch black jets of volcanic dust, and dense vapours, mixed with cascades of red-hot rocks and scoræ. The rain which fell from the cloud-canopy was scalding hot.

Dr. Clarke was able to compare the different appearances presented by the lava when it burst from the very mouth of the crater, and lower down, when it had approached the plain. As it rushed forth from its imprisonment, it streamed a liquid, white, and brilliantly pure river, which burned for itself a smooth channel through a great arched chasm in the side of the mountain. It flowed with the clearness of "honey in regular channels, cut finer than art can imitate, and glowing with all the splendour of the sun. Sir William Hamilton had conceived," adds Dr. Clarke, "that stones thrown upon a current of lava would produce no impression. I was soon convinced of the contrary. Light bodies, indeed, of five, ten, and fifteen pounds' weight, made little or no impression, even at the source; but bodies of sixty, seventy, and eighty pounds were seen to form a kind of bed on the surface of the lava, and float away with it. A stone of three hundred weight, that had been thrown out by the crater, lay near the source of the current of lava. I raised it up on one end, and then let it fall in upon the liquid lava, when it gradually sank beneath the surface and disappeared. If I wished to describe the manner in which it acted upon the lava, I should say that it was like a loaf of bread thrown into a bowl of very thick honey, which gradually involves itself in the heavy liquid, and then slowly sinks to the bottom."

But, as the lava flowed down the mountain slopes, it lost its brilliant whiteness; a crust began to form upon the surface of the still molten lava, and this crust broke into innumerable fragments of porous matter, called scoræ. Underneath this crust—across which Dr. Clarke and his companions

were able to pass without other injury than the singeing of their boots — the liquid lava still continued to force its way onward and downward past all obstacles. On its arrival at the bottom of the mountain, says Dr. Clarke, "the whole current," encumbered with huge masses of scorizæ, "resembled nothing so much as a heap of unconnected cinders from an iron-foundry," "rolling slowly along," he says in another place, "and falling with a rattling noise over one another."

After the eruption described by Dr. Clarke, the great crater gradually filled up. Lava boiled up from below, and small craters, which formed themselves over the bottom and sides of the great one, poured forth lava loaded with scorizæ. Thus, up to October 1822, there was to be seen, in place of a regular crateriform opening, a rough and uneven surface, scored by huge fissures, whence vapour was continually being poured, so as to form clouds above the hideous heap of ruins. But the great eruption of 1822 not only flung forth all the mass which had accumulated within the crater, but wholly changed the appearance of the cone. An immense abyss was formed three-quarters of a mile across, and extending 2,000 feet downwards into the very heart of Vesuvius. Had the lips of the crater remained unchanged, indeed, the depth of this great gulf would have been far greater. But so terrific was the force of the explosion that the whole of the upper part of the cone was carried clean away, and the mountain reduced in height by nearly a full fifth of its original dimensions. From the time of its formation the chasm gradually filled up; so that, when Mr. Scrope saw it soon after the eruption, its depth was reduced by more than 1,000 feet.

Of late, Vesuvius has been as busy as ever. In 1833 and 1834 there were eruptions; and it is but twelve years since a great outburst took place. Then, for three weeks together, lava streamed down the mountain slopes. A river of molten lava swept away the village of Cercolo, and ran nearly to the sea at Ponte Maddaloni. There were then formed ten small craters within the great one. But these have now united, and pressure from beneath has formed a vast cone where they had been. The cone has risen above the rim of the crater, and, as we write, torrents of lava are being poured

forth. At first the lava formed a lake of fire, but the seething mass found an outlet, and poured in a wide stream towards Ottajano. Masses of red-hot stone and rock are hurled forth, and a vast canopy of white vapour hangs over Vesuvius, forming at night, when illuminated by the raging mass below, a glory of resplendent flame around the summit of the mountain.

It may seem strange that the neighbourhood of so dangerous a mountain should be inhabited by races free to choose more peaceful districts. Yet, though Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabizæ lie buried beneath the lava and ashes thrown forth by Vesuvius, Portici and Resina, Torre del Greco and Torre dell' Annunziata have taken their place; and a large population, cheerful and prosperous, flourish around the disturbed mountain, and over the district of which it is the somewhat untrustworthy safety-valve.

It has, indeed, been well pointed out by Sir Charles Lyell that, "the general tendency of subterranean movements, when their effects are considered for a sufficient lapse of ages, is eminently beneficial, and that they constitute an essential part of that mechanism by which the integrity of the habitable surface is preserved. Why the working of this same machinery should be attended with so much evil, is a mystery far beyond the reach of our philosophy, and must probably remain so until we are permitted to investigate, not our planet alone and its inhabitants, but other parts of the moral and material universe with which they may be connected. Could our survey embrace other worlds and the events, not of a few centuries only, but of periods as indefinite as those with which geology renders us familiar, some apparent contradictions might be reconciled, and some difficulties would doubtless be cleared up. But even then, as our capacities are finite, while the scheme of the universe may be infinite, both in time and space, it is presumptuous to suppose that all source of doubt and perplexity would ever be removed. On the contrary, they might, perhaps, go on augmenting in number, although our confidence in the wisdom of the plan of nature should increase at the same time; for it has been justly said" (by Sir Humphrey Davy) "that the greater the circle of light, the greater the boundary of darkness by which it is surrounded."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A SAD HOUR.

THIS little introduction is to open the door of a home that was once in a house in a pleasant green square in London, — a comfortable family house, with airy and light and snug corners, and writing-tables, and with pictures hanging from the walls of the drawing-room, where the tall windows looked out upon the trees, and of the study upstairs where the father sat at his work.

Here were books and china pots and silver inkstands, and a hundred familiar things all about the house, which the young people had been used to for so long that they had by degrees come to live for them with that individual life with which inanimate things live for the young. Sometimes in the comfortable flicker of the twilight fire the place would seem all astir in the dance of the bright fires which burned in that hearth — fires which then seemed to be, perhaps, only charred coal and wood and ashes, but whose rays still warm and cheer those who were gathered round the home hearth so many years ago.

On one side of the fireplace hung a picture which had been painted by Miss Edgar, and which represented a pretty pale lady, with her head on one side. The artist had christened her Laura. On the chimney-piece, behind the old red pots, the little Dresden china figures, the gilt and loudly ticking clock, stood the picture of a kind old family friend, with a friendly, yet troubled expression in his countenance; and then, against a panel, hung a little water-colour painted by Hunt, and representing the sweet little heroine of this short history. Opposite to her for a while, was a vacant space, until one summer, in Italy, the father happened to buy the portrait of a little Dauphin or Neapolitan Prince, with a broad ribbon and order, and soft fair hair; and when the little Prince had come back from Italy and from a visit to Messrs. Colnaghi's, he was nailed up in his beautiful new frame on the opposite panel to the little peasant girl. There had been some discussion as to where he was to be placed, and one night he was carried up into the study, where he was measured with another little partner, but the little peasant girl matched him best; although the other was a charming and high-born little girl. Only a short time before Messrs. Colnaghi had sent her home in a gilt and reeded frame, a lovely little print of one of Sir Joshua's pictures. She lived

up above in the study, and was christened Lady Marjory by the young people who did not know the little lady's real name. And it happened that, one night in this long ago of which I am writing, one of these young folks, sitting basking in the comfortable warmth of the fire, dreamt out a little history of the pictures they were lighting up in the firelight, and nodding and smiling at her as pictures do. It was a revelation which she wrote down at the time, and which she firmly believed in when she wrote it; and perhaps this short explanation will be enough to make the little history intelligible as it was written, without any other change.

There was once a funny little peasant maiden in a big Normandy cap and blue stockings, and a bright-coloured kerchief, who sat upon a bank, painted all over with heather and flowers, with her basket at her feet, and who looked out at the world with two blue eyes and a sweet, artless little smile which touched and softened quite gruff old ladies and gentlemen who happened to see her hanging up against the parlour wall.

Opposite to the little peasant maiden was a lady of much greater pretensions. No other than Petrarch's Laura, indeed, in a pea-green gown, with a lackadaisical expression and her head on one side. But it was in vain she languished and gave herself airs; — everybody went up first to the grinning little peasant maid and cried, "Oh, what a dear little girl!"

At first the child, who, you know, was a little French child, did not understand what they were saying, and would beg Mrs. Laura to translate their remarks. This lady had brought up a large family (so she explained to the old gentleman over the chimney-piece), and did not think it right to turn little girls' heads with silly flattery; and so, instead of translating rightly, she would tell the little maiden that they were laughing at her big cap or blue stockings.

"Let them laugh," says the little maid, sturdily; "I am sure they look very good-natured, and don't mean any harm," and so she smiled in their faces as sweetly as ever. And quite soon she learnt enough to understand for herself.

Although Laura was so sentimental she was not utterly heartless, and she rather liked the child; and sometimes when she was in a good temper would tell her great long stories about her youth, and the south, and the gentlemen who were in love with her, — and that one in particular who wrote such heaps and heaps of poetry; and go on about

troubadours and the belle-passion, while the little girl wondered and listened, and respected Laura more and more every day.

"How can you talk such nonsense to the child," said the old gentleman over the chimney.

"Ah! that is a man's speech," said the lady in green, plaintively. "Nonsense! — yes, silent devotion. Yes, a heart bleeding inwardly — breaking without one outward sign; that is, indeed, the nonsense of a faithful woman's love! There are some things no man can understand, — no man!"

"I am surprised to hear *you* say so," said the old gentleman, politely.

"Are you alluding to that creature Petrarch?" cried Laura. "He became quite a nuisance at last. Always groaning and sighing, and sending me scrawls of sonnets to decipher, and causing dissension between me and my dear husband. The man disgraced himself in the end by taking up with some low, vulgar minx or other. That is what you will find," she continued, addressing the little girl, — "men are false; the truth is not in them. It is our sad privilege to be faithful — to die breathing the name beloved; heighho!" and though she spoke to the little girl, she looked at the old gentleman over the chimney-piece.

"I hear every day of a new arrival expected among us," said he, feeling uncomfortable, and wishing to change the subject; "a little Prince in a blue coat all covered over with diamonds."

"A Prince!" cried Laura, brightening up, — "delightful! You are, perhaps, aware that I have been accustomed to such society before this?"

"This one is but a child," said the old gentleman; "but they say he is a very pretty little fellow."

"Oh, I wonder — I wonder if he is the little Prince I dreamt of," thought the little girl. "Oh, how they are all talking about him."

"Of course they will put him in here," said Laura. "I want to have news of the dear court."

"They were talking of it," said the old gentleman. "And the other night in the study they said he would make a nice pendant for our little friend here."

When the little peasant maiden heard this, her heart began to beat, so that the room seemed to swim round and round, and if she had not held on by the purple bank she would certainly have slipped down on to the carpet.

"I have never been into the study," said Laura, fractionally; "pray, who did you meet

there when they carried you up the other night to examine the marks on your back?"

"A very delightful circle," said the old gentleman; "several old friends, and some very distinguished people: — Mr. Washington, Dr. Johnson, the Duke, Sir Joshua, and a most charming little lady, a friend of his, and all his R.A.'s in a group. Our host's great-grandfather is also there, and Major André, in whom I am sure all gentle ladies must take an interest."

"I never heard of one of them," said Laura, tossing her head. "And the little girl, pray who is she?"

"A very charming little person, with round eyes, and a muff, and a big bonnet. Our dear young friend here would make her a nice little maid."

The little peasant child's heart died within her. "A maid! Yes, yes; that is my station. Ah, what a little simpleton I am. Who am I that the Prince should look at me? What was I thinking about? Ah, what a silly child I am."

And so, when night came, she went to sleep very sad, and very much ashamed of herself, upon her purple bank. All night long she dreamed wild dreams. She saw the little Prince coming and going in his blue velvet coat and his long fair hair, and sometimes he looked at her scornfully.

"You low-born, wretched little peasant child," said he, "do you expect that I, a prince, am going to notice you?"

But sometimes he looked kind, and once he held out his hand; and the little girl fell down on her knees, in her dreams, and was just going to clasp it, when there came a tremendous clap of thunder and a great flash of lightning, and waking up with a start, she heard the door bang as some one left the room with a candle, and a clock struck eleven, and some voices seemed dying away, and then all was quite dark and quiet again.

But when morning came, and the little girl opened her eyes, what was, do you think, the first thing she saw leaning up against the back of a chair? Anybody who has ever been in love, or ever read a novel, will guess that it was the little Prince, in his blue coat, with all his beautiful orders on, and his long fair hair, and his blue eyes already wide open and fixed upon the little maid.

"Ah, madam," said he, in French, "at last we meet. I have known you for years past. When I was in the old palace in Italy, I used to dream of you night after night. There was a marble terrace outside the window, with statues standing in the sun, and orange-trees blooming year by year. There was a painted ceiling to the room,

with flying figures flitting round a circle. There was a great blue sky without, and deep shadows came striking across the marble floor day after day at noon. And I was so weary, oh! so weary, until one night I saw you in my dreams, and you seemed to say, 'Courage, little Prince, courage. I, too, am waiting for you. Courage, dear little Prince.' And now, at last, we meet, madam," he cried, clasping his hands. "Ah! do not condemn me to despair."

The little peasant maiden felt as if she could die of happiness.

"Oh, Prince, Prince," she sobbed, "oh, what shall I say? Oh, I am not worthy of you. Oh, you are too good and great for such a little wretch as I. There is a young lady upstairs who will suit you a thousand times better; and I will be your little maid, and brush your beautiful coat."

But the Prince laughed away her scruples and terrors, and vowed she was fit to be a princess any day in all the year; and, indeed, the little girl, though she thought so humbly of herself, could not but see how well he thought of her. And so, all that long happy day, the children talked and chattered from morning to night, rather to the disgust of Laura, who would have preferred holding forth herself. But the old gentleman over the chimney looked on with a gentle smile on his kind red face, and nodded his head encouragingly at them every now and then.

All that day the little peasant maiden was perfectly happy, and, when evening fell, went to sleep as usual upon her flowery bank, looking so sweet and so innocent that the little Prince vowed and swore to himself that all his life should be devoted to her, for he had never seen her like, and that she should have a beautiful crown and a velvet gown, and be happy for ever and ever.

Poor little maiden! When the next morning came, and she opened her sweet blue eyes, alas, it was in vain, in vain — in vain to this poor little loving heart. There stood the arm-chair, but the Prince was gone. The shutters were open, the sunshine was streaming in with the fresh morning air; but the room was dark and dreary and empty to her. The little Prince was no longer there, and, if she thought she could die of happiness the day before, to-day it seemed as if she must live forever, her grief was so keen, the pang so cruel, that it could never end.

Quite cold and shivering, she turned to Laura, to ask if she knew anything; but Laura could only inform her that she had always said so — men were false — silent de-

votion, hearts breaking without one sign, were a woman's privilege, &c. But, indeed, the little peasant girl hardly heard what she was saying.

"The housemaid carried him off into the study, my dear," said the old gentleman, very kindly, "this morning before you were awake. But never mind, for she sneezed three times before she left the room."

"Oh, what is that to me?" moaned the little peasant maiden.

"Don't you know?" said the old gentleman, mysteriously. "Three sneezes on a Friday break the enchantment which keeps us all here, and to-night at twelve o'clock we will go and pay your little Prince a visit."

The clock was striking twelve when the little peasant girl, waking from an uneasy dream, felt herself tapped on the shoulder.

"Come, my dear, jump," said the old gentleman, holding out his hand, and leaving the indignant Laura to scramble down by herself as best she could.

This she did, showing two long thin legs, cased in blue silk stockings, and reached the ground at last, naturally very sulky, and greatly offended by this want of attention.

"Is this the way I am to be treated?" said she, shaking out her train, and brushing past them into the passage.

There she met several ladies and gentlemen hurrying up from the dining-room, and the little Prince, in the blue coat, rushing towards the drawing-room door.

"You will find your love quite taken up with the gentleman from the chimney-piece," said Laura, stopping him spitefully. "Don't you see them coming hand in hand? He seems quite to have consoled her for your absence."

And alas! at that instant the poor little maiden, in an impulse of gratitude, had flung her arms round her kind old protector. "Will you really take me to him?" she cried; "oh, how good, how noble you are."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Laura, with a laugh.

The fiery little Prince flashed up with rage and jealousy. He dashed his hand to his forehead, and then, when the little peasant maid came up suddenly, all trembling with shy happiness, he made her a very low and sarcastic bow and turned upon his heel.

Ah, me! Here was a tragedy. The poor little girl sank down in a heap on the stairs all insensible. The little Prince,

never looking once behind, walked up very stately straight into the study again, where he began to make love to Sir Joshua's little lady with the big bonnet and the big round eyes.

There was quite a hum of conversation going on in the room. Figures coming and going and saluting one another in a courtly old-fashioned way. Sir Joshua, with his trumpet, was walking up and down arm-in-arm with Dr. Johnson; the doctor scowling every now and then over his shoulder at Mr. Washington's bust, who took not the slightest notice. "Ha! ten minutes past midnight," observed the General, looking at the clock. "It is, I believe, well ascertained that there exists some considerable difference between the hour here and in America. I know not exactly what that difference is. If I did I could calculate the time at home."

"Sir," said Doctor Johnson, "any fool could do as much."

The bust met this sally with a blank and haughty stare, and went on talking to the French lady who was leaning against the cabinet.

In the meantime the members of the Royal Academy had all come clambering down from their places, leaving the model alone in the lamp-lighted hall where they had been assembled. He remained to put on his clothes and to extinguish the lights which had now been burning for some hundred years. At night, when we are all lying stretched out on our beds, how rarely we think of the companies gathering and awakening in our darkened rooms below. Mr. H. C. Andersen was one of the first to note these midnight assemblies, and to call our attention to them. In a very wise and interesting book called *The Nutcracker of Nuremberg* (written by some learned German many years ago) there is a curious account of one of these meetings, witnessed by a little wakeful girl. On this night, alas, no one was waking; the house was dim with silence and obscurity, and the sad story of my little peasant maiden told on with no lucky interruption. Poor, poor little maiden! There she lay a little soft round heap upon the stairs. The people coming and going scarcely noticed her, so busy were they making the most of their brief hour of life and liberty. The kind old gentleman from over the chimney-piece stood rubbing her little cold hand in his, and supporting her drooping head upon his knee. Through the window the black night trees shivered and the moon rose in the drifting sky.

The church steeple struck the half-hour, and the people hurried faster and faster.

"Tira, lira, lira," sung a strange little figure dressed in motley clothes, suddenly stopping on its way. "What have we here? What have we here? A little peasant maid fainting in the moonlight—an old gentleman trying to bring her to! is she your daughter, friend? Is she dead or sick or shamming? Why do you waste your precious moments? Chuck her out of window, Toby. Throw the babbly out of window. I am Mr. Punch off the inkstand;" and with another horrible chuckle the little figure seemed to be skipping away.

"Stop, sir," said the old gentleman, very sternly. "Listen to what I have to tell you. If you see a little Prince upstairs in a blue velvet coat tell him from me that he is a villain and a false heart; and if this young lady dies of grief it is he who has killed her; she was seeking him when he spurned her. Tell him this, if you please, and ask him when and where he will be pleased to meet me, and what weapons he will choose."

"I'll tell him," said Mr. Punch, and he was off in a minute. Presently he came back (somewhat to the old gentleman's surprise). "I have seen your little Prince," said he, "and given him your message; but I did not wait for an answer. 'Twere a pity to kill him, you cruel-hearted old gentleman. What would the little girl say when she came to life?" And PUNCHINELLO, who was really kind-hearted, although flighty at first and odd in manner, knelt down and took the little pale girl into his arms. Her head fell heavily on his shoulder. "Oh, dear! What is to be done with her?" sighed the old gentleman, helplessly wringing his hands and looking at her with pitiful eyes; and all the while the moon streamed full upon the fantastic little group.

Meantime the little Prince upstairs had been strutting up and down hand in hand with the English beauty, little Lady Marjory, of the round brown eyes. To be sure he was wondering and longing after his little peasant maiden all the while, and wistfully glancing at the door. But not the less did he talk and make gallant speeches to her little ladyship, who only smiled and took it all as a matter of course, for she was a young lady of the world and accustomed to such attentions from gentlemen. It naturally followed, however, that the Prince, who was thinking of other things, did not shine as usual in conversation.

Laura had made friends with the great-

grandfather, who was an elegant scholar and could speak the most perfect Italian. "See what a pretty little pair," said he; "how well matched they are."

"A couple of silly little chits," said she, "what can they know of love and passion?" and she cast up a great quavering glance with her weak blue eyes. "Ah! believe me, sir," said she, "it is only at a later age that women learn to feel that agonizing emotion, that they fade and pine away in silence." Ah-ha! What a tale would it be to tell, that untold story of woman's wrongs and un — unrequited love!"

"Ookedookedoo, there's a treat in store for you, young man," said Mr. Punch, skipping by. "Will you have my ruffles to dry your tears? Go it, old girl." And away he went, leaving Laura speechless from indignation. He went on to where the Prince was standing, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Where do you come from, you strange little man?" said Lady Marjory.

"There are many strange things to be seen to-night," said Punch, mysteriously hissing out his words. "There's a little peasant girl fainting and dying in the moonlight; she was coming to find her love, and he spurned her; and there is an old gentleman trying to bring her to life. Her heart is breaking, and he wants blood to anoint it, he says, — princely blood — shed in the moonlight, drop by drop from a false heart, and it is for you to choose the time and the place. This lady will have to find another cavalier, and will she like him, Prince, with fool's cap and bells, and a hump before and behind? In that case," says Mr. Punch, with a caper, "I am her very humble servant."

Lady Marjory did not answer, but looked very haughty, as fashionable young ladies do, and Mr. Punch vanished in an instant.

"I hope I shall never see that person again," said she. "The forwardness of common people is really unbearable. Of course he was talking nonsense? Little Prince, would you kindly hold my muff while I tie my bonnet-strings more securely?"

The Prince took the muff without speaking, and then dropped it on the floor unconsciously. Now at last he saw clearly, in an instant it was all plain to him; he was half-distracted with shame and remorse. There was a vision before his eyes of his little peasant maiden — loved so fondly, and, alas! wantonly abandoned and cruelly deserted — cold and pale and dying down below in the

moonlight. He could not bear the thought; he caught Lady Marjory by the hand.

"Come," said he, "oh, come. I am a wretch, a wretch! Oh, I thought she had deceived me. Oh, come, come! Oh, my little peasant maiden. Oh, how I loved her!"

Lady Marjory drew herself up. "You may go, Prince, wherever you may wish," she said, looking at him with her great round eyes, "but pray go alone; I do not choose to meet that man again. I will wait for you here, and you can tell me your story when you come back." Lady Marjory, generous and kind-hearted as she was, could not but be hurt at the way in which, as it seemed, she too had been deceived, nor was she used to being thrown over for little peasant maidens. The little Prince with a scared face looked round the room for some one with whom to leave her, but no one showed at that instant, and so, half-bewildered still and dreaming, he rushed away.

Only a minute before the old gentleman had said to Punchinello, "Let us carry the little girl out upon the balcony, the fresh air may revive her." And so it happened that the poor little Prince came to the very landing where they had waited so long, and found no signs of those for whom he was looking.

He ran about desperately, everywhere asking for news, but no one had any to give him. Who ever has? He passed the window a dozen times without thinking of looking out. Blind, deaf, insensible, are we not all to our dearest friend outside a door? to the familiar voice which is calling for us across a street? to the kind heart which is longing for us behind a plaster wall maybe. Blind, insensible indeed, and alone; oh, how alone! He first asked two ladies who came tottering upstairs, helplessly on little feet, with large open parasols, though it was in the middle of the night. One of them was smelling at a great flower with a straight stalk, the other fanning herself with a dried lotus-leaf; but they shook their heads idiotically, and answered something in their own language — one of those sentences on the tea-caddies, most likely. These were Chinese ladies from the great jar in the drawing-room. Then he met a beautiful little group of Dresden china children, pelting each other with flowers off the chintz chairs and sofas, but they laughed and danced on, and did not even stop to answer his questions. Then came a long procession of persons all dressed in black and white, walking sedately, running, slid-

ing up the banisters, riding donkeys, on horses, in carriages, pony-chaises, omnibuses, bathing-machines; old ladies with bundles, huge umbrellas, and band-boxes; old gentlemen with big waistcoats; red-nosed gentlemen; bald gentlemen, muddled, puzzled, bewildered, perplexed, indignant. Young ladies, dark-eyed, smiling, tripping and dancing in hats and feathers, curls blowing in the wind, in ball-dresses, in pretty morning costumes; school-boys with apple cheeks; little girls, babies, pretty servant-maids; gigantic footmen (marching in a corps); pages walking on their heads after their mistresses, chasing Scotch terriers, smashing, crashing, larking, covered with buttons.

"What is this crowd of phantoms, the ghosts of yesterday, and last week?"

"We are all the people out of Mr. Leech's picture-books," says an old gentleman in a plaid shooting-costume; "my own name is Briggs, sir; I am sorry I can give you no further information."

Any other time, and the little Prince must have been amused to see them go by, but to-night he rushes on despairingly; he only sees the little girl's pale face and dying eyes gleaming through the darkness. More Dresden, more Chinese; strange birds whirr past, a partridge scrambles by with her little ones. Gilt figures climb about the cornices and furniture; the book-cases are swarming with busy little people; the little gold cupid comes down off the clock, and looks at himself in the looking-glass. A hundred minor personages pass by, dancing, whirling in bewildering circles. On the walls the papering turns into a fragrant bower of creeping flowers; all the water-colour landscapes come to life. Rain beats, showers fall, clouds drift, light warms and streams, water deepens, wavelets swell and plash tranquilly on the shores. Ships begin to sail, sails fill, and away they go gliding across the lake-like waters so beautifully that I cannot help describing it, though all this, I know, is of quite common occurrence and has been often written about before. The little Prince, indeed, paid no attention to all that was going on, but went and threw himself down before the purple bank, and vowed with despair in his heart he would wait there until his little peasant maiden should come again.

There Laura saw him sitting on a stool, with his fair hair all dishevelled, and his arms hanging wearily. She had come back to look for one of her pearl earrings, and

when she had discovered it, thought it would be but friendly to cheer the Prince up a bit, and, accordingly, tapped him facetiously on the shoulder, and declared she should tell Lady Majory of him. "Waiting there for the little peasant child; oh, you naughty fickle creature!" said she, playfully.

"You have made mischief enough for one night. Go!" said the Prince, looking her full in the face with his wan wild eyes, so that Laura shrank away a little abashed, and then he turned his back upon her, and hid his face in his hands.

So the sprightly Laura, finding that there was no one to talk to her, frisked up into the study again, and desecrating Lady Marjory standing all by herself, instantly joined her.

This is certainly a lachrymose history. Here was Lady Marjory sobbing and crying too! Her great brown eyes were glistening with tears, and the drops were falling — pat — pat upon her muff, and the big bonnet had tumbled off on her shoulders, and the poor little lady looked the picture of grief and melancholy.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. De Sade. "More tears. What a set of silly children you are! Here is your ladyship, there his little highness, not to mention that absurd peasant child, who is coming upstairs and looking as white as a sheet, and who fainted away again when I told her that the Prince's intended was here, but not the Prince. As for her—I never had any pa" . . .

"His highness? The Prince do you mean, — is he safe then?" said Lady Marjory, suddenly stopping short in her sobs. "Tell me immediately when, where, how, did you see him?"

"The naughty creature, I gave him warning," said Laura, holding up one finger, "and so I may tell your ladyship without any compunction. Heigho, I feel for your ladyship. I can remember past times; — woman is doomed, doomed to lonely memories! Men are false, the truth is not." . . .

"Has he fought a duel, — is he wounded? Oh, why did I let him go!" cried Lady Marjory, impetuously.

"He is wounded," said Laura, looking very knowing; "but men recover from such injuries. It is us poor women who die of them without a groan." Here she looked up to see if the bust of General Washington was listening.

Lady Marjory seized her arm with an im-

patient little grip. "Why don't you speak out instead of standing there maundering!" she cried.

"Hi-i-i," squeaked the green woman. "Well, then, he likes the peasant girl better than your ladyship, and it is his h-heart which is wounded. It would be a very undesirable match," she continued confidentially, recovering her temper. "As a friend of the family, I feel it my duty to do everything in my power to prevent it. Indeed, it was I who broke the affair off in the first instance. Painful but necessary. Who cares for a little shrimp of a peasant, — at least — I am rather sorry for the child. But it can't be helped, and nobody will miss her if she *does* die of grief."

"Die of grief!" said Lady Marjory, wonderingly.

"La, my dear, it's the commonest thing in the world," remarked Laura.

"Die of grief," repeated Lady Marjory; and just as she was speaking, in came through the door, slowly, silently stopping every now and then to rest, and then advancing once again, the old gentleman, and Punchinello, bearing between them the lifeless form of the little peasant maiden. They came straight on to where Lady Marjory was standing: they laid the child gently down upon the ground.

"We brought her here," said the old gentleman gloomily, "to see if the Prince, who has killed her, could not bring her to life again."

"O dear, O dear," sighed Punchinello, almost crying.

"Poor little thing, dear little thing." This was from Lady Marjory, suddenly falling on her knees beside her, rubbing her hands, kissing her pale face, sprinkling her with the contents of her smelling-bottle. "She can't, and shan't, and mustn't die, if the Prince or if I can save her. He is heart-broken. You, madam," she cried, turning to Laura, "go down, do you hear, and bring him instantly? Do you understand me, or you will repent it all your life." And her eyes flashed at her so that Laura, looking quite limp somehow, went away, followed by Punchinello. In a minute the Prince came rushing in and fell on his knees beside Lady Marjory.

And so it happened that the little peasant maiden lying insensible in Lady Marjory's arms, opened her sad eyes, as the Prince seized her hand. His presence had done more for her than all the tender care of the two old fellows. For one instant her face lighted up with life and happiness, but then

looking up into Lady Marjory's face, she sank back with a piteous, shuddering sigh.

The old gentleman was furious. "Have you come to insult her?" he said to the Prince. "To parade your base infidelity, to wound and to strike this poor little thing whom you have already stricken so sorely? You shall answer for this with your blood, sir, and on the spot I say."

"Hold your stupid old tongue, you silly old gentleman," said Mr. Punch. "See how pale the little Prince looks, and how his eyes are dimly flashing. He has not come hither to triumph, but to weep and sing dirges. Is it not so, little Prince?"

"Weep, yes, and sing dirges for his own funeral," cried the old gentleman, more and more excited. "Draw, sir, and defend yourself, if you are a gentleman."

But Lady Marjory, turning from one to the other, exclaimed, —

"Prince, dear Prince, you will not fight this good gentleman, who has taken such tender care of your little peasant maiden. Sir," to the old gentleman, "it would be you who would break her heart, were you to do him harm."

"And why should you want to do him harm?" said the little peasant, rousing herself and looking up, with a very sweet imploring look in her blue eyes, and clasping her hands. "He has done me none. It is the pride and happiness of my life to think that he should ever have deigned to notice me. It would not have been fit, indeed, that he, a Prince, should have married a little low-born peasant like myself."

The Prince, scarce knowing what he did, beat his forehead, dashed hot burning tears from his eyes.

"Sir," said he to the old gentleman, "kill me on the spot; it is the only fate I deserve, it will be well to rid the earth of such a monster. Farewell, little maiden; farewell, Lady Marjory. You will comfort her when I am gone. And do not regret me; remember only that I was unworthy of your love or of hers." And he tore open his blue velvet coat, and presented his breast for the old gentleman to pierce through and through.

Now Lady Marjory began to smile, instead of looking as frightened and melancholy as everybody else.

"Batton up your coat, dear little Prince," said she. "You will have to wait long for that sword-thrust you ask for. Meantime you must console the little peasant girl, not I; for it is I who bid you farewell."

"Ah, gracious lady," cried the poor little monster, covering her hand with kisses, "it is too late, too late; a man who has broken her heart, who has trifled with yours so basely, deserves only to die — only to die."

"Let me make a confession," said Lady Marjory, speaking with a tender sprightliness, while a soft gleam shone in her eyes. "Our English hearts are cold, dear Prince, and slow to kindle. It is only now I learn what people feel when they are in love; and my heart is whole," she added, with a blush.

Such kind words and smiles could not but do good work. The little Prince almost left off sobbing, and began to dry his eyes. Meanwhile, Lady Marjory turned to the little peasant maiden.

"You must not listen to him when he talks such nonsense, and is so tragic and sentimental," she said. "He thought you had deceived him, and cared for some one else. He sobbed it in my ear when he went away to find you."

"Hey-de-dy-diddle," cried Punchinello, capering about for joy; "and I know who told him — the woman in green, to be sure. I heard her. Oh the languishing creature! Oh the pining wild cat! Oh what tender hearts have women! Oh what feelings — what gushing sentiment!"

"You hold *your* tongue, you stupid Mr. Punch," said the old gentleman, who had put up his sword, and quite forgiven the little Prince.

"And so good-by, dear friends," said Lady Marjory, sadly indeed, but with a face still beaming and smiling. "See the moon is setting; our hour is ended. Farewell, farewell," and she seemed to glide away.

"Ah, farewell!" echoed the others, stretching out their hands.

The last rays were streaming from behind the house-tops. With them the charm was ending. The Prince and the peasant girl stood hand in hand in the last lingering beams.

"Good-night," said Punchinello, skipping away.

"Farewell," said the old gentleman.

"Goodness! make haste," said Laura, rushing downstairs, two steps at a time. . . It seemed like a dream to the little peasant child, still standing bewildered. One by one the phantoms melted away, the moon set, and darkness fell. She still seemed to feel the clasp of the little Prince's hand in hers, she still heard the tones of his voice ringing in her ears, when she found herself once more on her bank of wild-flowers, and alone. . . .

COMFORT FOR EX-KINGS.

Ex-KINGS, and Princes dispossessed,
Doth Europe not afford to you,
Each resting in his feathered nest,
A gratifying view?

Armed against one another, blows
Prepared to strike, her nations stand.
Amongst them see how prosper those
Who cast off your command!

Their soldiers serve against their will,
Lose limbs, and find untimely graves;
Endure hard discipline, and drill,
Meanwhile: what else than slaves?

The part that drew the luckier lot
Groan under war exaction; they
Who are not forced to face the shot,
Are forced the shot to pay.

Conscription those, taxation these
Burdens, grinds down, oppresses, wrings
Much more than when, ex-Majesties,
They had yourselves for kings.

Not one of you, with despot's might,
Used any subjects ever worse
Than those whom he compelled to fight,
Or whom he touched in purse.

Behold the food for steel and lead,
Drawn up in phalanx and in line!
Thralls of Democracy, instead
Of kingly Right Divine.

Praise France, who puts on self-defence
The neighbours whom she cannot fear,
With armaments whose scale immense
Means aim to domineer.

Praise France, from you, ye Bourbons, free.
Much freedom hers! — what land has less?
A military tyranny,
Tied tongues, and shackled Press.

And her Elect keeps thee, old Man
Of Rome, upon thy priestly throne,
Whilst thou dost the foundation ban
Whereon was built his own.

And Europe is a general camp,
Or garrison prepared for siege,
Since France must on a sister stamp
For what she calls "*prestige*."

— Punch.

LINDA TRESSEL. — PART VI.

CHAPTER X.

PETER STEINMARC, now that he was an engaged man, affianced to a young bride, was urgent from day to day with Madame Staubach that the date of his wedding should be fixed. He soon found that all Nuremberg knew that he was to be married. Perhaps Herr Molk had not been so silent and discreet as would have been becoming in a man so highly placed, and perhaps Peter himself had let slip a word to some confidential friend who had betrayed him. Be this as it might, all Nuremberg knew of Peter's good fortune, and he soon found that he should have no peace till the thing was completed. "She is quite well enough, I am sure," said Peter to Madame Staubach, "and if there is anything amiss she can finish getting well afterwards." Madame Staubach was sufficiently eager herself that Linda should be married without delay; but, nevertheless, she was angry at being so pressed, and used rather sharp language in explaining to Peter that he would not be allowed to dictate on such a subject. "Ah! well; if it isn't this year it won't be next," said Peter, on one occasion when he had determined to show his power. Madame Staubach did not believe the threat, but she did begin to fear that, perhaps, after all, there might be fresh obstacles. It was now near the end of November, and though Linda still kept her room, her aunt could not see that she was suffering from any real illness. When, however, a word was said to press the poor girl, Linda would declare that she was weak and sick — unable to walk; in short, that at present she would not leave her room. Madame Staubach was beginning to be angered at this; but, for all that, Linda had not left her room.

It was now two weeks since she had suffered herself to be betrothed, and Peter had twice been up to her chamber, creaking with his shoes along the passages. Twice she had passed a terrible half-hour, while he had sat, for the most part silent, in an old wicker chair by her bedside. Her aunt had, of course, been present, and had spoken most of the words that had been uttered during these visits; and these words had nearly altogether referred to Linda's ailments. Linda was still not quite well, she had said, but would soon be better, and then all would be properly settled. Such was the purport of the words which

Madame Staubach would speak on those occasions.

"Before Christmas?" Peter had once asked.

"No," Linda had replied, very sharply.

"It must be as the Lord shall will it," said Madame Staubach. That had been so true that neither Linda nor Peter had found it necessary to express dissent. On both these occasions Linda's energy had been chiefly used to guard herself from any sign of a caress. Peter had thought of it, but Linda lay far away upon the bed, and the lover did not see how it was to be managed. He was not sure, moreover, whether Madame Staubach would not have been shocked at any proposal in reference to an antenuptial embrace. On these considerations he abstained.

It was now near the end of November, and Linda knew that she was well. Her aunt had proposed some day in January for the marriage, and Linda, though she had never assented, could not on the moment find any plea for refusing altogether to have a day fixed. All she could do was to endeavour to stave off the evil. Madame Staubach seemed to think that it was indispensable that a day in January should be named; therefore, at last, the thirtieth of that month was after some fashion fixed for the wedding. Linda never actually assented, but after many discourses it seemed to be decided that it should be so. Peter was so told, and with some grumbling expressed himself as satisfied; but when would Linda come down to him? He was sure that Linda was well enough to come down if she would. At last a day was fixed for that also. It was arranged that the three should go to church together on the first Sunday in December. It would be safer so than in any other way. He could not make love to her in church.

On the Saturday evening Linda was down-stairs with her aunt. Peter, as she knew well, was at the Rothe Rosse on that evening, and would not be home till past ten. Tetchen was out, and Linda had gone down to take her supper with her aunt. The meal had been eaten almost in silence, for Linda was very sad, and Madame Staubach herself was beginning to feel that the task before her was almost too much for her strength. Had it not been that she was carried on by the conviction that things stern and hard and cruel would in the long-run be comforting to the soul, she would have given way. But she was a woman not prone to give way when she

*thought that the soul's welfare was concerned. She had seen the shrinking, retreating horror with which Linda had almost involuntarily contrived to keep her distance from her future husband. She had listened to the girl's voice, and knew that there had been no one light-hearted tone from it since that consent had been wrung from the sufferer by the vehemence of her own bedside prayers. She was aware that Linda from day to day was becoming thinner and thinner, paler and still paler. But she knew, or thought that she knew, that it was God's will; and so she went on. It was not a happy time even for Madame Staubach, but it was a time in which to Linda it seemed that hell had come to her beforehand with all its terrors. There was, however, one thing certain to her yet. She would never put her hand into that of Peter Steinmarc in God's house after such a fashion that any priest should be able to say that they two were man and wife in the sight of God.

On this Saturday evening Tetchen was out, as was the habit with her on alternate Saturday evenings. On such occasions Linda would usually do what household work was necessary in the kitchen, preparatory to the coming Sabbath. But on this evening Madame Staubach herself was employed in the kitchen, as Linda was not considered to be well enough to perform the task. Linda was sitting alone, between the fire and the window, with no work in her hand, with no book before her, thinking of her fate, when there came upon the panes of the window sundry small, sharp, quickly-repeated rappings, as though gravel had been thrown upon them. She knew at once that the noise was not accidental, and jumped upon her feet. If it was some mode of escape, let it be what it might, she would accept it. She jumped up, and with short hurried steps placed her self close to the window. The quick, sharp, little blows upon the glass were heard again, and then there was a voice. "Linda, Linda." Heavens and earth! it was his voice. There was no mistaking it. Had she heard but a single syllable in the faintest whisper, she would have known it. It was Ludovic Valcarm, and he had come for her, even out of his prison. He should find that he had not come in vain. Then the word was repeated — "Linda, are you there?"

"I am here," she said, speaking very faintly, and trembling at the sound of her own voice. Then the iron pin was withdrawn from the wooden shutter on the out-

side, as it could not have been withdrawn had not some traitor within the house prepared the way for it, and the heavy Venetian blinds were folded back, and Linda could see the outlines of the man's head and shoulders, in the dark, close to the panes of the window. It was raining at the time, and the night was very dark, but still she could see the outline. She stood and watched him; for, though she was willing to be with him, she felt that she could do nothing. In a moment the frame of the window was raised, and his head was within the room, within her aunt's parlour, where her aunt might now have been for all that he could have known; — were it not that Tetchen was watching at the corner, and knew to the scraping of a carrot how long it would be before Madame Staubach had made the soup for to-morrow's dinner.

"Linda," he said, "how is it with you?"

"Oh, Ludovic!"

"Linda, will you go with me now?"

"What, now, this instant?"

"To-night. Listen, dearest, for she will be back. Go to her in ten minutes from now, and tell her that you are weary and would be in bed. She will see you to your room perhaps, and there may be delay. But when you can, come down silently, with your thickest cloak and your strongest hat, and any little thing you can carry easily. Come without a candle, and creep to the passage window. I will be there. If she will let you go up-stairs alone, you may be there in half-an-hour. It is our only chance." Then the window was closed, and after that the shutter, and then the pin was pushed back, and Linda was again alone in her aunt's chamber.

To be there in half-an-hour! To commence such a job as this at once! To go to her aunt with a premeditated lie that would require perfect acting, and to have to do this in ten minutes, in five minutes, while the minutes were flying from her like sparks of fire! It was impossible. If it had been enjoined upon her for the morrow, so that there should have been time for thought, she might have done it. But this call upon her for instant action almost paralysed her. And yet what other hope was there? She had told herself that she would do anything, however wicked, however dreadful, that would save her from the proposed marriage. She had sworn to herself that she would do something; for that Steinmarc's wife she would never be. And here had come to her a possibility of escape, — of escape too which had in it so much of sweet-

ness! She must lie to her aunt. Was not every hour of life a separate lie? And as for acting a lie, what was the difference between that and telling it, except in the capability of the liar. Her aunt had forced her to lie. No truth was any longer possible to her. Would it not be better to lie for Ludovic Valcarm than to lie for Peter Steinmarc? She looked at the upright clock which stood in the corner of the room, and, seeing that the ten minutes was already passed, she crossed at once over into the kitchen. Her aunt was standing there, and Tetchen, with her bonnet on, was standing by. Tetchen, as soon as she saw Linda, explained that she must be off again at once. She had only returned to fetch some article for a little niece of hers which Madame Staubach had given her.

"Aunt Charlotte," said Linda, "I am very weary. You will not be angry, will you, if I go to bed?"

"It is not yet nine o'clock, my dear."

"But I am tired, and I fear that I shall lack strength for to-morrow." Oh, Linda, Linda! But, indeed, had you foreseen the future, you might have truly said that you would want strength on the morrow.

"Then go, my dear;" and Madame Staubach kissed her niece and blessed her, and after that, with careful hand, threw some salt into the pot that was simmering on the stove. Peter Steinmarc was to dine with them on the morrow, and he was a man who cared that his soup should be well seasoned. Linda, terribly smitten by the consciousness of her own duplicity, went forth, and crept up-stairs to her room. She had now, as she calculated, a quarter of an hour, and she would wish, if possible, to be punctual. She looked out for a moment from the window, and could only see that it was very dark, and could hear that it was raining hard. She took her thickest cloak and her strongest hat. She would do in all things as he bade her; and then she tried to think what else she would take. She was going forth, — whither she knew not. Then came upon her a thought that on the morrow, — for many morrows afterwards, perhaps for all morrows to come, — there would be no comfortable wardrobe to which she could go for such decent changes of raiment as she required. She looked at her frock, and having one darker and thicker than that she wore, she changed it instantly. And then it was not only her garments that she was leaving behind her. For ever afterwards, — for ever and ever and ever, — she must be a castaway. The die had been thrown now, and everything was over. She was

leaving behind her all decency, all feminine respect, all the clean ways of her pure young life, all modest thoughts, all honest, serviceable daily tasks, all godliness, all hope of heaven! The silent, quick-running tears streamed down her face as she moved rapidly about the room. The thing must be done, must be done, — must be done, even though earth and heaven were to fail her for ever afterwards. Earth and heaven would fail her for ever afterwards, but still the thing must be done. All should be endured, if by that all she could escape from the man she loathed.

She collected a few things, what little store of money she had, — four or five gulden, perhaps, — and a pair of light shoes and clean stockings, and a fresh handkerchief or two, and a little collar, and then she started. He had told her to bring what she could carry easily. She must not disobey him, but she would fain have brought more had she dared. At the last moment she returned, and took a small hair-brush and a comb. Then she looked round the room with a hurried glance, put out her candle, and crept silently down the stairs. On the first landing she paused, for it was possible that Peter might be returning. She listened, and then remembered that she would have heard Peter's feet even on the walk outside. Very quickly, but still more gently than ever, she went down the last stairs. From the foot of the stairs into the passage there was a moment in which she must be within sight of the kitchen door. She flew by, and felt that she must have been seen. But she was not seen. In an instant she was at the open window, and in another instant she was standing beside her lover on the gravel path. What he said to her she did not hear; what he did she did not know. She had completed her task now; she had done her part, and had committed herself entirely into his hands. She would ask no question. She would trust him entirely. She only knew that at the moment his arm was round her, and that she was being lifted off the bank into the river.

"Dearest girl! can you see? No; nothing, of course, as yet. Step down. There is a boat here. There are two boats. Lean upon me, and we can walk over. There. Do not mind treading softly. They cannot hear because of the rain. We shall be out of it in a minute. I am so sorry you should be wet, but yet it is better for us."

She hardly understood him, but yet she did as he told her, and in a few minutes she was standing on the other bank of the river, in the Ruden Platz. Here Linda

perceived that there was a man awaiting them, to whom Ludovic gave certain orders about the boats. Then Ludovic took her by the hand and ran with her across the Platz, till they stood beneath the archway of the brewery warehouse where she had so often watched him as he went in and out. "Here we are safe," he said, stooping down and kissing her, and brushing away the drops of rain from the edges of her hair. Oh, what safety! To be there, in the middle of the night, with him, and not know whither she was to go, where she was to lie, whether she would ever again know that feeling of security which had been given to her throughout her whole life by her aunt's presence and the walls of her own house. Safe! Was ever peril equal to hers? "Linda, say that you love me. Say that you are my own."

"I do love you," she said; "otherwise how should I be here?"

"And you had promised to marry that man!"

"I should never have married him. I should have died."

"Dearest Linda! But come; you must not stand here." Then he took her up, up the warehouse stairs into a gloomy chamber, from which there was a window looking on to the Ruden Platz, and there, with many caresses, he explained to her his plans. The caresses she endeavoured to avoid, and, when she could not avoid them, to moderate. "Would he remember," she asked, "just for the present, all that she had gone through, and spare her for a while, because she was so weak?" She made her little appeal with swimming eyes and low voice, looking into his face, holding his great hand the while between her own. He swore that she was his queen, and should have her way in every thing. But would she not give him one kiss? He reminded her that she had never kissed him. She did as he asked her, just touching his lips with hers, and then she stood by him, leaning on him, while he explained to her something of his plans. He kept close to the window, as it was necessary that he should keep his eyes upon the red house.

His plan was this. There was a train which passed by the Nuremberg station on its way to Augsburg at three o'clock in the morning. By this train he proposed that they should travel to that city. He had, he said, the means of providing accommodation for her there, and no one would know whither they had gone. He did not anticipate that any one in the house opposite would learn that Linda had escaped till the

next morning; but should any suspicion have been aroused, and should the fact be ascertained, there would certainly be lights moving in the house, and light would be seen from the window of Linda's own chamber. Therefore he proposed, during the long hours that they must yet wait, to stand in his present spot and watch, so that he might know at the first moment whether there was any commotion among the inmates of the red house. "There goes old Peter to bed," said he; "he won't be the first to find out, I'll bet a florin." And afterwards he signified the fact that Madame Staubach had gone to her chamber. This was the moment of danger, as it might be very possible that Madame Staubach would go into Linda's room. In that case, as he said, he had a little carriage outside the walls which would take them to the first town on the route to Augsburg. Had a light been seen but for a moment in Linda's room they were to start; and would certainly reach the spot where the carriage stood before any followers could be on their heels. But Madame Staubach went to her own room without noticing that of her niece, and then the red house was all dark and all still. They would have made the best of their way to Augsburg before their flight would be discovered.

During the minutes in which they were watching the lights Linda stood close to her lover, leaning on his shoulder, and supported by his arm. But this was over by ten, and then there remained nearly five hours, during which they must stay in their present hiding-place. Up to this time Linda's strength had supported her under the excitement of her escape, but now she was like to faint, and it was necessary at any rate that she should be allowed to lie down. He got sacks for her from some part of the building, and with these constructed for her a bed on the floor, near to the spot which he must occupy himself in still keeping his eye upon the red house. He laid her down and covered her feet with sacking, and put sacks under her head for a pillow. He was very gentle with her, and she thanked him over and over again, and endeavoured to think that her escape had been fortunate, and that her position was happy. Had she not succeeded in flying from Peter Steinmare? And after such a flight would not all idea of a marriage with him be out of the question? For some little time she was cheered by talking to him. She asked him about his imprisonment. "Ah!" said he; "if I cannot be one too many for such an old fogey as Herr Molk, I'll let out my

brains to an ass, and take to grazing on thistles." His offence had been political, and had been committed in conjunction with others. And he and they were sure of success ultimately, — were sure of success very speedily. Linda could understand nothing of the subject. But she could hope that her lover might prosper in his undertaking, and she could admire and love him for encountering the dangers of such an enterprise. And then, half sportively, half in earnest, she taxed him with that matter which was next her heart. Who had been the young woman with the blue frock, and the felt hat who had been with him when he was brought before the magistrates?

"Young woman; — with blue frock! who told you of the young woman, Linda?" He came and knelt beside her as he asked the question, leaving his watch for the moment; and she could see by the dim light of the lamp outside that there was a smile upon his face, — almost joyous, full of mirth.

"Who told me? The magistrate you were taken to; Herr Molk told me himself," said Linda, almost happily. That smile upon his face had in some way vanquished her feeling of jealousy.

"Then he is a greater scoundrel than I took him to be, or else a more utter fool. The girl in the blue frock, Linda, was one of our young men, who was to get out of the city in that disguise. And I believe Herr Molk knew it when he tried to set you against me, by telling you the story."

Whether Herr Molk had known this, or whether he had simply been fool enough to be taken in by the blue frock and the felt hat, it is not for us to inquire here. But Ludovic was greatly amused at the story, and Linda was charmed at the explanation she had received. It was only an extra feather in her lover's cap that he should have been connected with a blue frock and felt hat under such circumstances as those now explained to her. Then he went back to the window, and she turned on her side and attempted to sleep.

To be in all respects a castaway, — a woman to whom other women would not speak! She knew that such was her position now. She had done a deed which would separate her for ever from those who were respectable, and decent, and good. Peter Steinmarc would utterly despise her. It was very well that something should have occurred which would make it impossible that he should any longer wish to marry her; but it would be very bitter to her to be rejected even by him because she was unfit to be an honest man's wife. And

then she asked herself questions about her young lover, who was so handsome, so bold, so tender to her; who was in all outward respects just what a lover should be. Would he wish to marry her after she had thus consented to fly with him, alone, at night: or would he wish that she should be his light-of-love, as her aunt had been once cruel enough to call her? There would be no cruelty, at any rate no injustice, in so calling her now. And should there be any hesitation on his part, would she ask him to make her his wife? It was very terrible to her to think that it might come to pass that she should have on her knees to implore this man to marry her. He had called her his queen, but he had never said that she should be his wife. And would any pastor marry them, coming to him, as they must come, as two runaways? She knew that certain preliminaries were necessary, — certain bidding of banns, and processes before the magistrates. Her own banns and those of her betrothed, Peter Steinmarc, had been asked once in the church of St. Lawrence, as she had heard with infinite disgust. She did not see that it was possible that Ludovic should marry her, even if he were willing to do so. But it was too late to think of all this now; and she could only moisten the rough sacking with her tears.

"You had better get up now, dearest," said Ludovic, again bending over her.

"Has the time come?"

"Yes; the time has come, and we must be moving. The rain is over, which is a comfort. It is as dark as pitch, too. Cling close to me. I should know my way if I were blindfold."

She did cling close to him, and he conducted her through narrow streets and passages out to the city gate, which led to the railway station. Nuremberg has still gates like a fortified town, and there are, I believe, porters at the gates with huge keys. Nuremberg delights to perpetuate the memories of things that are gone. But ingress and egress are free to everybody, by night as well as by day, as it must be when railway trains arrive and start at three in the morning; and the burgomaster and warders, and sentinels and porters, though they still carry the keys, know that the glory of their house has gone.

Railway tickets for two were given to Linda without a question, — for to her was intrusted the duty of procuring them, — and they were soon hurrying away towards Augsburg through the dark night. At any rate they had been successful in escaping. "After to-morrow we will be as happy as

the day is long," said Ludovic, as he pressed his companion close to his side. Linda told herself, but did not tell him, that she never could be happy again.

CHAPTER XI.

THEY were whirled away through the dark cold night with the noise of the rattling train ever in their ears. Though there had been a railway running close by Nuremberg now for many years, Linda was not herself so well accustomed to travelling as will probably be most of those who will read this tale of her sufferings. Now and again in the day time, and generally in fair weather, she had gone as far as Fürth, and on one occasion even as far as Würzburg with her aunt when there had been a great gathering of German Anabaptists at that town; but she had never before travelled at night, and she had certainly never before travelled in such circumstances as those which now enveloped her. When she entered the carriage, she was glad to see that there were other persons present. There was a woman, though the woman was so closely muffled and so fast asleep that Linda, throughout the whole morning, did not know whether her fellow-traveller was young or old. Nevertheless the presence of the woman was in some sort a comfort to her, and there were two men in the carriage, and a little boy. She hardly understood why, but she felt that it was better for her to have fellow-travellers. Neither of them, however, spoke above a word or two either to her or to her lover. At first she sat at a little distance from Ludovic, — or rather induced him to allow that there should be some space between them; but gradually she suffered him to come closer to her, and she dozed with her head upon his shoulder. Very little was said between them. He whispered to her from time to time sundry little words of love, calling her his queen, his own one, his life, and the joy of his eyes. But he told her little or nothing of his future plans, as she would have wished that he should do. She asked him, however, no questions; — none at least till their journey was nearly over. The more that his conduct warranted her want of trust, the more unwilling did she become to express any diffidence or suspicion.

After a while she became very cold; — so cold that that now became for the moment her greatest cause of suffering. It was mid-winter, and though the cloak she had brought was the warmest garment that she pos-

sessed, it was very insufficient for such work as the present night had brought upon her. Besides her cloak, she had nothing wherewith to wrap herself. Her feet became like ice, and then the chill crept up her body; and though she clung very close to her lover, she could not keep herself from shivering as though in an aque fit. She had no hesitation now in striving to obtain some warmth by his close proximity. It seemed to her as though the cold would kill her before she could reach Augsburg. The train would not be due there till nine in the morning, and it was still dark night as she thought that it would be impossible for to sustain such an agony of pain much longer. It was still dark night, and the violent rain was pattering against the glass, and the damp came in through the crevices, and the wind blew bitterly upon her; and then as she turned a little to ask her lover to find some comfort for her, some mitigation of her pain, she perceived that he was asleep. Then the tears began to run down her cheeks, and she told herself that it would be well if she could die.

After all, what did she know of this man who was now sleeping by her side, — this man to whom she had intrusted everything, more than her happiness, her very soul? How many words had she ever spoken to him? What assurance had she even of his heart? Why was he asleep, while her sufferings were so very cruel to her? She had encountered the evils of this elopement to escape what had appeared to her the greater evils of a detested marriage. Steinmarc was very much to be hated. But might it not be that even that would have been better than this? Poor girl! the illusion even of her love was being frozen cold within her during the agony of that morning. All the while the train went thundering on through the night, now rushing into a tunnel, now crossing a river, and at every change in the sounds of the carriages she almost hoped that something might be amiss. Oh, the cold! She had gathered her feet up and was trying to sit on them. For a moment or two she had hoped that her movement would waken Ludovic, so that she might have had the comfort of a word; but he had only tumbled with his head hither and thither, and had finally settled himself in a position in which he leaned heavily upon her. She thought that he was heartless to sleep while she was suffering; but she forgot that he had watched at the window while she had slumbered upon the sacks in the warehouse. At length, however, she could bear his weight no longer,

and she was forced to rouse him. "You are so heavy," she said; "I cannot bear it;" when at last she succeeded in inducing him to sit upright.

"Dear me! oh, ah, yes. How cold it is! I think I have been asleep."

"The cold is killing me," she said.

"My poor darling! What shall I do? Let me see. Where do you feel it most?"

"All over. Do you not feel how I shiver? Oh, Ludovic, could we get out at the next station?"

"Impossible, Linda. What should we do there?"

"And what shall we do at Augsburg? Oh dear, I wish I had not come. I am so cold. It is killing me." Then she burst out into floods of sobbing, so that the old man opposite to her was aroused. The old man had brandy in his basket and made her drink a little. Then after a while she was quieted, and was taken by station after station without demanding of Ludovic that he should bring this weary journey to an end.

Gradually the day dawned and the two could look at each other in the grey light of the morning. But Linda thought of her own appearance rather than that of her lover. She had been taught that it was required of a woman that she should be neat, and she felt now that she was dirty, foul inside and out, — a thing to be scorned. As their companions also bestirred themselves in the daylight she was afraid to meet their eyes, and strove to conceal her face. The sacks in the warehouse had, in lieu of a better bed, been acceptable; but she was aware now, as she could see the skirts of her own dress and her shoes, and as she glanced her eyes gradually round upon her shoulders, that the stains of the place were upon her, and she knew herself to be unclean. That sense of killing cold had passed off from her, having grown to a numbness which did not amount to present pain, though it would hardly leave her without some return of the agony; but the misery of her disreputable appearance was almost as bad to her as the cold had been. It was not only that she was untidy and dishevelled, but it was that her condition should have been such without the company of any elder female friend whose presence would have said, "This young woman is respectable, even though her dress be soiled with dust and meal." As it was, the friend by her side was one who by his very appearance would condemn her. No one would suppose her to be his wife. And then the worst of it was that he also

would judge her as others judged her. He also would say to himself that no one would suppose such a woman to be his wife. And if once he should learn so to think of her, how could she expect that he would ever persuade himself to become her husband? How she wished that she had remained beneath her aunt's roof! It now occurred to her, as though for the first time, that no one could have forced her to go to church on that thirtieth of January and become Peter Steinmarc's wife. Why had she not remained at home and simply told her aunt that the thing was impossible?

At last they were within an hour of Augsburg, and even yet she knew nothing as to his future plans. It was very odd that he should not have told her what they were to do at Augsburg. He said that she should be his queen, that she should be as happy as the day was long, that everything would be right as soon as they reached Augsburg; but now they were all but at Augsburg, and she did not as yet know what first step they were to take when they reached the town. She had much wished that he would speak without being questioned, but at last she thought that she was bound to question him. "Ludovic, where are we going to at Augsburg?"

"To the Black Bear first. That will be best at first."

"Is it an inn?"

"Yes, dear; not a great big house like the Rothe Ross at Nuremberg, but very quiet and retired, in a back street."

"Do they expect us?"

"Well, no; not exactly. But that won't matter."

"And how long shall we stay there?"

"Ah! that must depend on tidings from Berlin and Munich. It may be that we shall be compelled to get away from Bavaria altogether." Then he paused for a moment, while she was thinking what other question she could ask. "By the by," he said, "my father is in Augsburg."

She had heard of his father as a man altogether worthless, one ever in difficulties, who would never work, who had never seemed to wish to be respectable. When the great sins of Ludovic's father had been magnified to her by Madame Staubach and by Peter, with certain wise hints that swans never came out of the eggs of geese, Linda would declare with some pride of spirit that the son was not like the father; that the son had never been known to be idle. She had not attempted to defend the father, of whom it seemed to be acknowledged by the common consent of

all Nuremberg that he was utterly worthless, and a disgrace to the city which had produced him. But Linda now felt very thankful for the assurance of even his presence. Had it been Ludovic's mother, how much better would it have been! But that she should be received even by his father, — by such a father, — was much to her in her desolate condition.

"Will he be at the station?" Linda asked.

"Oh, no."

"Does he expect us?"

"Well, no. You see, Linda, I only got out of prison yesterday morning."

"Does your father live in Augsburg?"

"He hardly lives anywhere. He goes and comes at present as he is wanted by the cause. It is quite on the cards that we should find that the police have nabbed him. But I hope not. I think not. When I have seen you made comfortable, and when we have had something to eat and drink, I shall know where to seek him. While I am doing so, you had better lie down."

She was afraid to ask him whether his father knew, or would suspect, aught as to his bringing a companion, or whether the old man would welcome such a companion for his son. Indeed, she hardly knew how to frame any question that had application to herself. She merely assented to his proposition that she should go to bed at the Black Bear, and then waited for the end of their journey. Early in the morning their fellow-passengers had left them, and they were now alone. But Ludovic distressed her no more by the vehemence of his caresses. He also was tired and fagged and cold and jaded. It is not improbable that he had been meditating whether he, in his present walk of life, had done well to encumber himself with the burden of a young woman.

At last they were at the platform at Augsburg. "Don't move quite yet," he said. "One has to be a little careful." When she attempted to raise herself she found herself to be so numb that all quickness of motion was out of the question. Ludovic, paying no attention to her, sat back in the carriage, with his cap before his face, looking with eager eyes over the cap on to the platform.

"May we not go now?" said Linda, when she saw that the other passengers had alighted.

"Don't be in a hurry, my girl. By God, there are those ruffians, the gendarmerie.

It's all up. By Jove! yes, it's all up. That is hard, after all I did at Nuremberg."

"Ludovic!"

"Look here, Linda. Get out at once and take these letters. Make your way to the Black Bear, and wait for me."

"And you?"

"Never mind me, but do as you're told. In a moment it will be too late. If we are noticed to be together it will be too late."

"But how am I to get to the Black Bear?"

"Heaven and earth! haven't you a tongue? But here they are, and it's all up." And so it was. A railway porter opened the door, and behind the railway porter were two policemen. Linda, in her dismay, had not even taken the papers which had been offered to her, and Valcarm, as soon as he was sure that the police were upon him, had stuffed them down the receptacle made in the door for the fall of the window.

But the fate of Valcarm and of his papers is at the present moment not of so much moment to us as is that of Linda Tressel. Valcarm was carried off, with or without the papers, and she, after some hurried words, which were unintelligible to her in her dismay, found herself upon the platform amidst the porters. A message had come from Nuremberg by the wires to Augsburg, requiring the arrest of Ludovic Valcarm, but the wires had said nothing of any companion that might be with him. Therefore Linda was left standing amidst the porters on the platform. She asked one of the men about the Black Bear. He shook his head, and told her that it was a house of a very bad sort, — of a very bad sort indeed.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DOZEN times during the night Linda had remembered that her old friend Fanny Heisse, now the wife of Max Bogen, lived at Augsburg, and as she remembered it, she had asked herself what she would do were she to meet Fanny in the streets. Would Fanny condescend to speak to her, or would Fanny's husband allow his wife to hold any communion with such a castaway? How might she dare to hope that her old friend would do other than shun her, or, at the very least, scorn her, and pass her as a thing unseen? And yet, through all the days of their life, there had been in Linda's world a supposition that Linda was the good young woman, and that Fanny Heisse was, if not a castaway, one who had made the frivolities of

the world so dear to her that she could be accounted as little better than a castaway. Linda's conclusion, as she thought of all this, had been, that it would be better that she should keep out of the way of the wife of an honest man who knew her. All fellowship hereafter with the wives and daughters of honest men must be denied to her. She had felt this very strongly when she had first seen herself in the dawn of the morning.

But now there had fallen upon her a trouble of another kind, which almost crushed her,—in which she was not as yet able to see that, by God's mercy, salvation from utter ruin might yet be extended to her. What should she do now,—now, at this moment? The Black Bear, to which her lover had directed her, was so spoken of that she did not dare to ask to be directed thither. When a compassionate railway porter pressed her to say whither she would go, she could only totter to a seat against the wall, and there lay herself down and sob. She had no friends, she said; no home; no protector except him who had just been carried away to prison. The porter asked her whether the man were her husband, and then again she was nearly choked with sobs. Even the manner of the porter was changed to her when he perceived that she was not the wife of him who had been her companion. He handed her over to an old woman who looked after the station, and the old woman at last learned from Linda the fact that the wife of Max Bogen the lawyer had once been her friend. About two hours after that she was seated with Max Bogen himself in a small close carriage, and was being taken home to the lawyer's house. Max Bogen asked her hardly a question. He only said that Fanny would be so glad to have her;—Fanny, he said, was so soft, so good, and so clever, and so wise, and always knew exactly what ought to be done. Linda heard it all, marvelling in her dumb half-consciousness. This was the Fanny Heisse of whom her aunt had so often told her that one so given to the vanities of the world could never come to any good!

Max Bogen handed Linda over to his wife, and then disappeared. "Oh, Linda, what is it? Why are you here? Dear Linda." And then her old friend kissed her, and within half an hour the whole story had been told.

"Do you mean that she eloped with him from her aunt's house in the middle of the night?" asked Max, as soon as he was alone with his wife. "Of course she did," said Fanny; "and so would I, had I been treated as she has been. It has all been the fault

of that wicked old saint, her aunt." Then they put their heads together as to the steps that must be taken. Fanny proposed that a letter should be at once sent to Madame Staubach, explaining plainly that Linda had run away from her marriage with Steinmarc, and stating that for the present she was safe and comfortable with her old friend. It could hardly be said that Linda assented to this, because she accepted all that was done for her as a child might accept it. But she knelt upon the floor with her head upon her friend's lap, kissing Fanny's hands, and striving to murmur thanks. Oh, if they would leave her there for three days, so that she might recover something of her strength! "They shall leave you for three weeks, Linda," said the other. "Madame Staubach is not the Emperor, that she is to have her own way in every thing. And as for Peter"—

"Pray, don't talk of him;—pray, do not," said Linda, shuddering.

But all this comfort was at an end about seven o'clock on that evening. The second train in the day from Nuremberg was due at Augsburg at six, and Max Bogen, though he said nothing on the subject to Linda, had thought it probable that some messenger from the former town might arrive in quest of Linda by that train. At seven there came another little carriage up to the door, and before her name could be announced Madame Staubach was standing in Fanny Bogen's parlour. "Oh, my child!" she said. "Oh, my child, may God in His mercy forgive my child!" Linda cowered in a corner of the sofa and did not speak.

"She hasn't done any thing in the least wrong," said Fanny; "nothing on earth. You were going to make her marry a man she hated, and so she came away. If father had done the same to me, I wouldn't have stayed an hour." Linda still cowered on the sofa, and was still speechless.

Madame Staubach, when she heard this defence of her niece, was hardly pushed to know in what way it was her duty to answer it. It would be very expedient, of course, that some story should be told for Linda which might save her from the ill report of all the world,—that some excuse should be made which might now, instantly, remove from Linda's name the blight which would make her otherwise to be a thing scorned, defamed, useless, and hideous; but the truth was the truth, and even to save her child from infamy Madame Staubach would not listen to a lie without refuting it. The punishment of Linda's infamy had been deserved,

and it was right that it should be endured. Hereafter, as facts came to disclose themselves, it would be for Peter Steinmarc to say whether he would take such a woman for his wife; but whether he took her or whether he rejected her, it could not be well that Linda should be screened by a lie from any part of the punishment which she had deserved. Let her go seven times seven through the fire, if by such suffering there might yet be a chance for her poor desolate half-withered soul.

"Done nothing wrong, Fanny Heisse!" said Madame Staubach, who, in spite of her great fatigue, was still standing in the middle of the room. "Do you say so, who have become the wife of an honest God-fearing man?"

But Fanny was determined that she would not be put down in her own house by Madame Staubach. "It doesn't matter whose wife I am," she said, "and I am sure Max will say the same as I do. She hasn't done anything wrong. She made up her mind to come away because she wouldn't marry Peter Steinmarc. She came here in company with her own young man, as I used to come with Max. And as soon as she got here she sent word up to us, and here she is. If there's anything very wicked in that, I'm not religious enough to understand it. But I tell you what I can understand, Madame Staubach,—there is nothing on earth so horribly wicked as trying to make a girl marry a man whom she loathes, and hates, and detests, and abominates. There, Madame Staubach; that's what I've got to say; and now I hope you'll stop and have supper with Max and Linda and me."

Linda felt herself to be blushing in the darkness of her corner as she heard this excuse for her conduct. No; she had not made the journey to Augsburg with Ludovic in such fashion as Fanny had, perhaps more than once, travelled the same route with her present husband. Fanny had not come by night, without her father's knowledge, had not escaped out of a window; nor had Fanny come with any such purpose as had been hers. There was no salve to her conscience in all this, though she felt very grateful to her friend, who was fighting her battle for her.

"It is not right that I should argue the matter with you," said Madame Staubach, with some touch of true dignity. "Alas, I know that which I know. Perhaps you will allow me to say a word in privacy to this unfortunate child."

But Max Bogen had not paid his wife a false compliment for cleverness. She per-

ceived at once that the longer this interview between the aunt and her niece could be delayed,—the longer that it could be delayed, now that they were in each other's company,—the lighter would be the storm on Linda's head when it did come. "After supper, Madame Staubach; Linda wants her supper; don't you, my pet?" Linda answered nothing. She could not even look up, so as to meet the glance of her aunt's eyes. But Fanny Bogen succeeded in arranging things after her own fashion. She would not leave the room, though in sooth her presence at the preparation of the supper might have been useful. It came to be understood that Madame Staubach was to sleep at the lawyer's house, and great changes were made in order that the aunt and niece might not be put in the same room. Early in the morning they were to return together to Nuremberg, and then Linda's short hour of comfort would be over.

She had hardly as yet spoken a word to her aunt when Fanny left them in the carriage together. "There were three or four others there," said Fanny to her husband, "and she won't have much said to her before she gets home."

"But when she is at home!" Fanny only shrugged her shoulders. "The truth is, you know," said Max, "that it was not at all the proper sort of thing to do!"

"And who does the proper sort of thing?"

"You do, my dear."

"And wouldn't you have run away with me if father had wanted me to marry some nasty old fellow who cares for nothing but his pipe and his beer? If you hadn't, I'd never have spoken to you again."

"All the same," said Max, "it won't do her any good."

The journey home to Nuremberg was made almost in silence, and things had been so managed by Fanny's craft that when the two women entered the red house hardly a word between them had been spoken as to the affairs of the previous day. Tetchen, as she saw them enter, cast a guilty glance on her young mistress, but said not a word. Linda herself, with a veil over her face which she had borrowed from her friend Fanny, hurried up-stairs towards her own room. "Go into my chamber, Linda," said Madame Staubach, who followed her. Linda did as she was bid, went in, and stood by the side of her aunts bed. "Kneel down with me, Linda, and let us pray that the great gift of repentance may be given to us," said Madame Staubach. Then Linda knelt down, and hid her face upon the counterpane.

All her sins were recapitulated to her during that prayer. The whole heinousness of the thing which she had done was given in its full details, and the details were repeated more than once. It was acknowledged in that prayer that though God's grace might effect absolute pardon in the world to come, such a deed as that which had been done by this young woman was beyond the pale of pardon in this world. And the Giver of all mercy was specially asked so to make things clear to that poor sinful creature, that she might not be deluded into any idea that the thing which she had done could be justified. She was told in that prayer that she was impure, vile, unclean, and infamous. And yet she probably did not suffer from the prayer half so much as she would have suffered had the same things been said to her

face to face across the table. And she recognised the truth of the prayer, and she was thankful that no allusion was made in it to Peter Steinmare, and she endeavoured to acknowledge that her conduct was that which her aunt represented it to be in her strong language. When the prayer was over Madame Staubach stood before Linda for a while, and put her two hands on the girl's arms, and lightly kissed her brow. "Linda," she said, "with the Lord nothing is impossible; with the Lord it is never too late; with the Lord the punishment need never be unto death!" Linda, though she could utter no articulate word, acknowledged to herself that her aunt had been good to her, and almost forgot the evil things that her aunt had worked for her.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE FLESH.—There are some people who are so peculiarly constituted that matters the most harmless of the mass of mankind act upon them in the most distressing manner. For instance, some persons cannot eat a lobster salad without its having a very curious effect upon their complexion. We know a lady who once indulged at supper-time in a salad of this kind, and upon her return to the ball-room her face and neck immediately became covered with spots, obliging her to retire. Cockles and shrimps have the like effect upon persons thus peculiarly constituted. A medical friend tells us that eating veal gives a lady of his acquaintance the nettle-rash, and that orange-peel has produced great nervous excitement. Figs, again, give rise in some people to what is termed "formication," or a sensation like the tickling movement of ants upon the palate. The most extraordinary example of the adverse influences of a common article of food upon the human stomach is related by a surgeon of one of our public hospitals. He says that a patient of his cannot touch rice without the most extreme discomfort. "On one occasion, when at a dinner-party, he felt the symptoms of rice-poisoning come on,

and was, as usual, obliged to retire from the table, although he had not partaken of any dish ostensibly containing rice." It appeared, on investigation, that some white soup, with which he had commenced his dinner, had been thickened with ground rice." In another case similar symptoms have come on after a gentleman had partaken of bottled beer; this apparently extraordinary fact was explained by the presence in the bottle of a few grains of rice, which had been placed there to excite a secondary fermentation. But what is this to the perverse stomach of a gentleman in a case cited by Dr. Prout, who was poisoned by eating a mutton chop? The most digestible of all flesh to the ordinary mortal, was to him positively as poisonous as though he had eaten toadstools. It was at first imagined by his physicians that his dislike to this kind of food arose from mere fancy, and in order to test him mutton disguised was served to him as other flesh-meat, but always with the same result—violent vomiting and diarrhoea. Indeed, the effect upon him was so great, that, had he been kept upon a mutton diet, Dr. Prout believed he would have died. — *Cassell's Magazine*.

From Good Words.

"ECCE HOMO."

PART III.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

IN two former papers I have presumed in some sense to speak for the author of "Ecce Homo." In this the third and last he will speak for himself, in passages which I shall select by no means with a view to exclude what may be open to criticism or objection, but in the hope of exhibiting a fair sample both of the matter and manner of the work, with something like a connected idea of its contents.

After a brief chapter on John the Baptist, which appears to be scarcely equal to the general standard of the work, our author comes to the Temptation, and here he glances at the subject of miracle:—

"Miracles are, in themselves, extremely improbable things, and cannot be admitted unless supported by a great concurrence of evidence. For some of the Evangelical miracles there is a concurrence of evidence which, when fairly considered, is very great indeed; for example, for the Resurrection, for the appearance of Christ to St. Paul, for the general fact that Christ was a miraculous healer of disease. The evidence by which these facts are supported cannot be tolerably accounted for by any hypothesis except that of their being true. And if they are once admitted, the antecedent improbability of many miracles less strongly attested is much diminished. Nevertheless nothing is more natural than that exaggerations and even inventions should be mixed in our biographies with genuine facts." (P. 10.)

The general view taken of the Temptation affords a pointed example of what may be termed our author's naturalistic method of handling:—

"Now the story of Christ's temptation is as unique as Christ's character. It is such a temptation as was never experienced by anyone else, yet just such a temptation as Christ, and Christ in those peculiar circumstances, might be expected to experience. And further, this appropriateness of all the circumstances hardly seems to be perceived by the Evangelists themselves who narrate them. Their narrative is not like a poem, though it affords the materials for a poem; it is rather a dry chronicle.

"Let us consider the situation. We are to fix in our minds Christ's peculiar charac-

ter, as it has been gathered from the Baptist's description of him. His character then was such that he was compared to a lamb, a lamb of God. He was without ambition, and he had a peculiar, unrivalled simplicity of devout confidence in God. Such is the person to whom it is now announced by a great prophet that he has been called to a most peculiar, a pre-eminent career. But this does not fully describe the situation; a most important circumstance has yet to be mentioned. From the time of his temptation Christ appeared as a worker of miracles. We are expressly told by St. John that he had wrought none before, but all our authorities concur in representing him as possessing and using the gift after this time. We are to conceive him therefore as becoming now for the first time conscious of miraculous powers. Now none of our biographies point this out, and yet it is visibly the key to the whole narration. What is called Christ's temptation is the excitement of his mind which was caused by the nascent consciousness of supernatural power." (Pp. 11, 12.)

Another and perhaps less startling specimen of his method is supplied by the account of the Third Temptation, in which our Lord was solicited to fall down and worship Satan:—

"We are perhaps to understand that he was tempted to do something which on reflection appeared to him equivalent to an act of homage to the evil spirit. What then could this be? It will explain much that follows in Christ's life, and render the whole story very complete and consistent, if we suppose that what he was tempted to do was to employ force in the establishment of his Messianic kingdom. On this hypothesis, the third temptation arises from the same source as the others; the mental struggle is still caused by the question how to use the supernatural power. Nothing more natural than that it should occur to Christ that this power was expressly given to him for the purpose of establishing, in defiance of all resistance, his everlasting kingdom. He must have heard from his instructors that the Messiah was to put all enemies under his feet, and to crush all opposition by irresistible God-given might. This certainly was the general expectation; this appeared legibly written in the prophetic books. And, in the sequel, it was because Christ refused to use his supernatural power in this way that his countrymen rejected him. It was not that they expected a

king, and that he appeared only as a teacher; on the contrary, he systematically described himself as a king. The stumbling-block was this, that, professing to be a king, he declined to use the weapons of force and compulsion that belong to kings. And as this caused so much surprise to his countrymen, it is natural that he should himself have undergone a struggle before he determined thus to run counter to the traditional theory of the Messiah and to all the prejudices of the nation. The tempter, we may suppose, approached him with the whisper, 'Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh; ride on, and thy right hand shall teach these terrible things.'

"If this was the temptation, then again how characteristic of the Lamb of God was the resistance to it, and at the same time how incomparably great the self-restraint involved in that resistance! One who believes himself born for universal monarchy, and capable by his rule of giving happiness to the world, is entrusted with powers which seem to afford the ready means of attaining that supremacy. By the overwhelming force of visible miracle it is possible for him to establish an absolute dominion, and to give to the race the laws which may make it happy. But he deliberately determines to adopt another course, to found his empire upon the consent, and not the fears of mankind, to trust himself with his royal claims and his terrible purity and superiority defenceless among mankind, and, however bitterly their envy may persecute him, to use his supernatural powers only in doing them good. This he actually did, and evidently in pursuance of a fixed plan; he persevered in this course, although politically, so to speak, it was fatal to his position, and though it bewildered his most attached followers; but by doing so he raised himself to a throne on which he has been seated for nigh two thousand years, and gained an authority over men greater far than they have allowed to any legislator, greater than prophecy had ever attributed to the Messiah himself." (Pp. 15-17.)

Next we take the immeasurable divergence of His own idea of the coming kingdom from that current among his adversaries and critics:—

"It will soon become necessary to consider at leisure in what sense Christ understood his own royalty. At present it is enough to remark that, though he understood it in a very peculiar sense, and though he abdicated many of the functions of a sovereign,

he yet regarded it as a royalty not less substantial, and far more dignified, than that of his ancestor David. We may go one step farther before entering into the details, and note the exact ground of the quarrel which the Jews had with him. He understood the work of the Messiah in one sense, and they in another, but what was the point of irreconcilable difference? They laid information against him before the Roman government as a dangerous character; their real complaint against him was precisely this, that he was *not* dangerous. Pilate executed him on the ground that his kingdom was of this world; the Jews procured his execution precisely because it was not. In other words, they could not forgive him for claiming royalty and at the same time rejecting the use of physical force. His royal pretensions were not in themselves distasteful to them; backed by a military force, and favoured by success, those pretensions would have been enthusiastically received. His tranquil life, passed in teaching and healing the sick, could not in itself excite their hatred. An eloquent teacher, gathering disciples round him in Jerusalem and offering a new and devout interpretation of the Mosaic law, might have aroused a little spite, but not the cry of 'Crucify him!' They did not object to the king, they did not object to the philosopher; but they objected to the king in the garb of the philosopher. They were offended at what they thought the degradation of their great ideal. A king who neither had nor cared to have a court or an army; a king who could not enforce a command; a king who preached and lectured like a scribe, yet in his weakness and insignificance could not forget his dignity, had his royal title often in his mouth, and lectured with an authority that no scribe assumed; these violent contrasts, this disappointment of their theories, this homely parody of their hopes, inspired them with an irritation, and at last a malignant disgust, which it is not hard to understand." (Pp. 28, 29.)

The author is struck by three points especially, in the design of Christ:—

"When we contemplate this scheme as a whole, and glance at the execution and results of it, three things strike us with astonishment. First, its prodigious originality, if the expression may be used. What other man has had the courage or elevation of mind to say, 'I will build up a state by the mere force of my will, without help from the

kings of the world, without taking advantage of any of the secondary causes which unite men together — unity of interest or speech, or blood-relationship. I will make laws for my state which shall never be repealed, and I will defy all the powers of destruction that are at work in the world to destroy what I build'?

"Secondly, we are astonished at the calm confidence with which the scheme was carried out. The reason why statesmen can seldom work on this vast scale is that it commonly requires a whole lifetime to gain that ascendancy over their fellow-men which such schemes presuppose. Some of the leading organizers of the world have said, 'I will work my way to supreme power, and then I will execute great plans.' But Christ overleaped the first stage altogether. He did not work his way to royalty, but simply said to all men, 'I am your king.' He did not struggle forward to a position in which he could found a new state, but simply founded it.

"Thirdly, we are astonished at the prodigious success of the scheme. It is not more certain that Christ presented himself to men as the founder, legislator, and judge of a divine society than it is certain that men have accepted him in these characters, that the divine society has been founded, that it has lasted nearly two thousand years, that it has extended over a large and the most highly civilized portion of the earth's surface, and that it continues full of vigour at the present day." (Pp. 41, 42.)

This chapter, on "Christ's Credentials," is the noblest we have yet encountered. We must be content with giving the paragraph in which it is summed up:—

"To sum up the results of this chapter.

We began by remarking that an astonishing plan met with an astonishing success, and we raised the question to what instrumentality that success was due. Christ announced himself as the Founder and Legislator of a new Society, and as the Supreme Judge of men. Now by what means did he procure that these immense pretensions should be allowed? He might have done it by sheer power; he might have adopted persuasion, and pointed out the merits of the scheme and of the legislation he proposed to introduce. But he adopted a third plan, which had the effect not merely of securing obedience, but of exciting enthusiasm and devotion. He laid men under an immense obligation. He convinced them that he was a person of altogether transcen-

dent greatness, one who needed nothing at their hands, one whom it was impossible to benefit by conferring riches, or fame, or dominion upon him, and that, being so great, he had devoted himself of mere benevolence to their good. He showed them that for their sakes he lived a hard and laborious life, and exposed himself to the utmost malice of powerful men. They saw him hungry, though they believed him able to turn the stones into bread; they saw his royal pretensions spurned, though they believed that he could in a moment take into his hand all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; they saw his life in danger; they saw him at last expire in agonies, though they believed that, had he so willed it, no danger could harm him, and that had he thrown himself from the topmost pinnacle of the temple he would have been softly received in the arms of ministering angels. Witnessing his sufferings, and convinced by the miracles they saw him work that they were voluntarily endured, men's hearts were touched, and pity for weakness blending strangely with wondering admiration of unlimited power, an agitation of gratitude, sympathy, and astonishment, such as nothing else could ever excite, sprang up in them; and when, turning from his deeds to his words, they found this very self-denial which had guided his own life prescribed as the principle which should guide theirs, gratitude broke forth in joyful obedience, self-denial produced self-denial, and the Law and Law-Giver together were enshrined in their inmost hearts for inseparable veneration." (Pp. 50, 51.)

Here is a beautiful conception of faith; faith in its initial stage, but as including moral elements:—

"Justice is often but a form of pedantry, mercy mere easiness of temper, courage a mere firmness of physical constitution; but if these virtues are genuine, then they indicate not goodness merely, but goodness considerably developed. A man may be potentially just or merciful, yet from defect of training he may be actually neither. We want a test which shall admit all who have it in them to be good whether their good qualities be trained or no. Such a test is found in faith. He who, when goodness is impressively put before him, exhibits an instinctive loyalty to it, starts forward to take its side, trusts himself to it, such a man has faith, and the root of the matter is in such a man. He may have habits of vice, but the loyal and faithful instinct in him will

place him above many that practise virtue. He may be rude in thought and character, but he will unconsciously gravitate towards what is right. Other virtues can scarcely thrive without a fine natural organization and a happy training. But the most neglected and ungifted of men may make a beginning with faith. Other virtues want civilization, a certain amount of knowledge, a few books; but in half-brutal countenances faith will light up a glimmer of nobleness. The savage, who can do little else, can wonder and worship and enthusiastically obey. He who cannot know what is right can know that some one else knows, he who has no law may still have a master, he who is incapable of justice may be capable of fidelity, he who understands little may have his sins forgiven because he loves much." (Pp. 66, 67.)

The following passages compare the pleas for toleration in cases of belief and of conduct:—

"We ought to be just as tolerant of an imperfect creed as we are of an imperfect practice. Everything which can be urged in excuse for the latter may also be pleaded for the former. If the way to Christian action is beset by corrupt habits and misleading passions, the path to Christian truth is overgrown with prejudices and strewn with fallen theories and rotten systems which hide it from our view. It is quite as hard to think rightly as it is to act rightly, or even to feel rightly. And as all allow that an error is a less culpable thing than a crime or a vicious passion, it is monstrous that it should be more severely punished; it is monstrous that Christ, who was called the friend of publicans and sinners, should be represented as the pitiless enemy of bewildered seekers of truth. How could men have been guilty of such an inconsistency? By speaking of what they do not understand. Men, in general, do not understand or appreciate the difficulty of finding truth. All men must act, and therefore all men learn in some degree how difficult it is to act rightly. The consequence is that all men can make excuse for those who fail to act rightly. But all men are not compelled to make an independent search for truth, and those who voluntarily undertake to do so are always few. They ought, indeed, to find pity and charity when they fail, for their undertaking is full of hazard, and in the course of it they are too apt to leave friends and companions behind them, and when they succeed they bring back glorious spoils for those who remained at home criticising them. But they

cannot expect such charity, for the hazards and difficulties of the undertaking are known to themselves alone. To the world at large it seems quite easy to find truth, and inexcusable to miss it. And no wonder! For by finding truth they mean only learning by rote the maxims current around them." (Pp. 72, 73.)

The author is greatly struck with the peremptory and universal character of the institution of baptism, which he perceives to be made "as indispensable to membership, as that spiritual inspiration which is membership itself" in the new and "Divine Society." The method of this society he considers to be broadly distinguished from that of the moral philosophy which has often laboured to improve mankind. The whole argument of the ninth chapter on this contrast will well reward perusal. The subjoined are two passages from it:—

"Philosophers have drawn their pupils from the *élite* of humanity; but Christ finds his material among the worst and meanest, for he does not propose merely to make the good better, but the bad good. And what is his machinery? He says the first step towards good dispositions is for a man to form a strong personal attachment. Let him first be drawn out of himself. Next let the object of that attachment be a person of striking and conspicuous goodness. To worship such a person will be the best exercise in virtue that he can have. Let him vow obedience in life and death to such a person; let him mix and live with others who have made the same vow. He will have ever before his eyes an ideal of what he may himself become. His heart will be stirred by new feelings, a new world will be gradually revealed to him, and, more than this, a new self within his old self will make its presence felt, and a change will pass over him which he will feel it most appropriate to call a new birth. This is Christ's scheme stated in its most naked form; we shall have abundant opportunities in the sequel of expounding it more fully."

"Of these two influences—that of Reason and that of Living Example—which would a wise reformer reinforce? Christ chose the last. He gathered all men into a common relation to himself, and demanded that each should set him on a pedestal of his heart, giving a lower place to all other objects of worship, to father and mother, to husband or wife. In him should the loyalty of all hearts centre, he should be their pattern, their Authority, and Judge. Of him

and his service should no man be ashamed, but to those who acknowledged it morality should be an easy yoke, and the law of right as spontaneous as the law of life; sufferings should be easy to bear, and the loss of worldly friends repaired by a new home in the bosom of the Christian kingdom; finally, in death itself their sleep should be sweet upon whose tombstone it could be written, "Obdormivit in Christo." (Pp. 98, 101, 102.)

Having thus far traced, as he considers, the rise of the Monarchy of Christ, in his second part, which commences with chapter x., the author professes to treat of the legislation by which that Monarchy is governed. The Christian philosophy of pleasure is strikingly handled in the following passage:—

"This paradoxical position—that pleasure is necessary for us, and yet that it is not to be sought; that this world is to be renounced, and yet that it is noble and glorious—might, if it had been taken up by a philosopher, have been regarded as a subtlety which it would be impossible to act upon. But as the law laid down by a King and Master of mankind, every word of whom was treasured up and acted out with devotion, it has had a surprising influence upon human affairs. In the times of the Roman Emperors there appeared a sect which distinguished itself by the assiduous attention which it bestowed upon the bodily wants of mankind. This sect set the first example of a homely practical philanthropy, occupying itself with the relief of ordinary human sufferings, dispensing food and clothing to the destitute and starving. At the same period there appeared a sect which was remarkable for the contempt in which it held human suffering. Roman magistrates were perplexed to find, when it became necessary to coerce this sect by penal inflictions, that bodily pains, tortures, and death itself, were not regarded as evils by its members. These two sects appeared to run into contrary extremes. The one seemed to carry their regard for the body to the borders of effeminacy; the other pushed Stoical apathy almost to madness. Yet these two sects were one and the same—the Christian Church. And though within that body every conceivable corruption has at some time or other sprung up, this tradition has never been long lost, and in every age the Christian temper has shivered at the touch of Stoic apathy and shuddered at that of Epicurean indolence." (Pp. 118, 119.)

He shows how little had yet been accomplished towards establishing the true brotherhood of mankind, notwithstanding the marvellous achievement of the Romans in consolidating so many nations into a political unity; without which it is indeed difficult to see how the physical and social barriers to the spreading of Christianity could have been surmounted:—

"A number of nations which had before waged incessant war with one another had been forced into a sort of unity. What court-poets call a golden age had set in. Round the whole shore of the Mediterranean Sea, and northward to the Danube and beyond the British Channel, national antipathies had been suppressed, and war had ceased, while the lives of men were regulated by an admirable code of laws. Yet, except to court-poets, this age did not seem golden to those who lived in it. On the contrary, they said it was something worse than an iron age; there was no metal from which they could name it. Never did men live under such a crushing sense of degradation, never did they look back with more bitter regret, never were the vices that spring out of despair so rife, never was sensuality cultivated more methodically, never did poetry curdle so readily into satire, never was genius so much soured by cynicism, and never was calumny so abundant or so gross or so easily believed. If morality depended on laws, or happiness could be measured by comfort, this would have been the most glorious era in the past history of mankind. It was in fact one of the meanest and foulest, because a tone or spirit is necessary to morality, and self-respect is needful to happiness." (Pp. 132, 133.)

And now, what followed?—

"The city of God, of which the Stoics doubtfully and feebly spoke, was now set up before the eyes of men. It was no insubstantial city, such as we fancy in the clouds, no invisible pattern such as Plato thought might be laid up in heaven, but a visible corporation whose members met together to eat bread and drink wine, and into which they were initiated by bodily immersion in water. Here the Gentile met the Jew whom he had been accustomed to regard as an enemy of the human race; the Roman met the lying Greek Sophist, the Syrian slave, the gladiator born beside the Danube. In brotherhood they met, the natural birth and kindred of each forgotten, the baptism

alone remembered in which they had been born again to God and to each other." (P. 136.)

In the closing pages of this chapter (xii.) the question of slavery is ably dealt with. Perhaps the whole history may be summed up in this. The Gospel was its death-warrant; and execution was only delayed until the religion, then infant, was adult, and had strength enough to deal the blow.

In the thirteenth chapter the author approaches that doctrine of enthusiasm, or passionate devotion which has been regarded as so peculiarly his own. Christianity did not, he says, leave us a code of morals, in the ordinary sense :—

"Instead of giving laws to his Society, he would give to every member of it a power of making laws for himself. He frequently repeated that to make the fruit of a tree good you must put the tree into a healthy state, and, slightly altering the illustration, that fruit can only be expected from a fruit-tree, not from a thistle or thorn. The meaning of this plainly is that a man's actions result from the state of his mind; that if that is healthy they will be right, and if not, they will be wrong. Such language was new in the mouth of a legislator, but not at all new in itself. It was an adoption of the style of philosophy. Philosophers had always made it their study to bring their minds into a healthy condition, '*frui emendato animo*.' When, however, we inquire what Christ considered a healthy condition of the mind to be, we do not find him in agreement with philosophers. The law-making power of which mention has been made, which, raised to predominance, issues in an unerring tact or instinct of right action, was differently conceived by him and by them. They placed it in reason, and regarded passion as the antagonistic power which must be controlled and coerced by it. Christ also considers it necessary to control the passions, but he places them under the dominion not of reason but of a new and more powerful passion. The healthy mind of the philosophers is in a composed, tranquil, and impartial state; the healthy mind of Christ is in an elevated and enthusiastic state. Both are exempt from perturbation and unsteadiness, but the one by being immovably fixed, the other by being always powerfully attracted in one direction." (Pp. 144, 145. See also pp. 253, 254.)

This enthusiasm was justified by the char-

acter of the object proposed to the eyes and hearts of men :—

"Did the command to love go forth to those who had never seen a human being they could revere? Could his followers turn upon him and say, How can we love a creature so degraded, full of vile wants and contemptible passions, whose little life is most harmlessly spent when it is an empty round of eating and sleeping; a creature destined for the grave and for oblivion when his allotted term of fretfulness and folly has expired? Of this race Christ himself was a member, and to this day is it not the best answer to all blasphemers of the species, the best consolation when our sense of its degradation is keenest, that a human brain was behind his forehead and a human heart beating in his breast, and that within the whole creation of God nothing more elevated or more attractive has yet been found than he? And if it be answered that there was in his nature something exceptional and peculiar, that humanity must not be measured by the stature of Christ, let us remember that it was precisely thus that he wished it to be measured, delighting to call himself the Son of Man, delighting to call the meanest of mankind his brothers. If some human beings are abject and contemptible, if it be incredible to us that they can have any high dignity or destiny, do we regard them from so great a height as Christ? Are we likely to be more pained by their faults and deficiencies than he was? Is our standard higher than his? And yet he associated by preference with these meanest of the race; no contempt for them did he ever express, no suspicion that they might be less dear than the best and wisest to the common Father, no doubt that they were naturally capable of rising to a moral elevation like his own. There is nothing of which a man may be prouder than of this; it is the most hopeful and redeeming fact in history; it is precisely what was wanting to raise the love of man as man to enthusiasm. An eternal glory has been shed upon the human race by the love Christ bore to it. And it was because the Edict of Universal Love went forth to men whose hearts were in no cynical mood, but possessed with a spirit of devotion to a man, that words which at any other time, however grandly they might sound, would have been but words, penetrated so deeply, and along with the law of love the power of love was given. Therefore also the first Christians were enabled to dispense with philosophical phrases, and instead of saying that they loved the ideal of man in man,

could simply say and feel that they loved Christ in every man.

"We have here the very kernel of the Christian moral scheme."

"Few of us sympathise originally and directly with this devotion; few of us can perceive in human nature itself any merit sufficient to evoke it. But it is not so hard to love and venerate him who felt it. So vast a passion of love, a devotion so comprehensive, elevated, deliberate and profound, has not elsewhere been in any degree approached save by some of his imitators. And as love provokes love, many have found it possible to conceive for Christ an attachment the closeness of which no words can describe, a veneration so possessing and absorbing the man within them, that they have said, 'I live no more, but Christ lives in me.' Now such a feeling carries with it of necessity the feeling of love for all human beings. It matters no longer what quality men may exhibit; amiable or unamiable, as the brothers of Christ, as belonging to his sacred and consecrated kind, as the objects of his love in life and death, they must be dear to all to whom he is dear. And those who would for a moment know his heart and understand his life must begin by thinking of the whole race of man, and of each member of the race, with awful reverence and hope." (Pp. 164-167.)

The consequence has been a product altogether new in the world: that of holiness, exhibited in the human life and character:—

"But that Christ's method, when rightly applied, is really of mighty force, may be shown by an argument which the severest censor of Christians will hardly refuse to admit. Compare the ancient with the modern world; 'Look on this picture and on that.' One broad distinction in the characters of men forces itself into prominence. Among all the men of the ancient heathen world there were scarcely one or two to whom we might venture to apply the epithet 'holy.' In other words, there were not more than one or two, if any, who besides being virtuous in their actions were possessed with an unaffected enthusiasm of goodness, and besides abstaining from vice regarded even a vicious thought with horror. Probably no one will deny that in Christian countries this higher-toned goodness, which we call holiness, has existed. Few will maintain that it has been exceedingly rare. Perhaps the truth is, that there has scarcely been a town in any Christian coun-

try since the time of Christ where a century has passed without exhibiting a character of such elevation that his mere presence has shamed the bad and made the good better, and has been felt at times like the presence of God Himself. And if this be so, has Christ failed? or can Christianity die?"

"His biography may be summed up in the words, 'he went about doing good;' his wise words were secondary to his beneficial deeds; the latter were not introductory to the former, but the former grew occasionally, and, as it were, accidentally, out of the latter. The explanation of this is that Christ merely reduced to practice his own principle. His morality required that the welfare and happiness of others should not merely be remembered as a restraint upon action, but should be made the principal motive of action, and what he preached in words he preached still more impressively and zealously in deeds. He set the first and greatest example of a life wholly governed and guided by the passion of humanity. The very scheme and plan of his life differed from that of other men. He had no personal prospects, no fortune to push, no ambitions. A good man before had been understood to be one who in pursuit of his own personal happiness is careful to consider also the happiness of those around him, declines all prosperity gained at their expense, employs his leisure in relieving some of their wants, and who, lastly, in some extreme need or danger of those connected with him, his relations or his country, consents to sacrifice his own life or welfare to theirs. In this scheme of life humanity in its rudimentary forms of family feeling or patriotism enters as a restraining or regulating principle; only in the extreme case does it become the main spring of action. What with other good men was the extreme case, with Christ was the rule. In many countries and at many different times the lives of heroes had been offered up on the altar of filial or parental or patriotic love. A great impulse had overmastered them; personal interests, the love of life and of the pleasures of life, had yielded to a higher motive; the names of those who had made the great oblation had been held in honour by succeeding ages, the place where it was made pointed out, the circumstances of it proudly recounted. Such a sacrifice, the crowning act of human goodness when it rises above itself, was made by Christ, not in some moment of elevation, not in some extreme emergency, but *habitually*; this is meant when it is said, he went about doing good, nor was the sacri-

fice made for relative or friend or country, but for all everywhere who bear the name of man." (Pp. 171, 187-189.)

The author's view of the law of philanthropy, and of the adaptations which it acquires from the circumstances of modern society, is to be found in chap. xvii., which will not bear being represented by extracts, and in chaps. xix.-xxiii.

The subject of Authority, and its place in regulating the moral action of the world, has not been evaded. The broad and distinct general proposition with regard to its weight, which is contained in the following extract, will tempt many readers to wish for a fuller development:—

"Preaching is moral suasion delivered formally at stated intervals. In good education there is an equal amount of moral suasion, delivered far more impressively because delivered to individuals and at the moment when the need arises, while besides moral suasion other instruments are employed. Of these the principal is Authority, a most potent and indispensable agent. We have traced above the process by which mankind were ripened for the reception of Christianity. For many ages peremptory laws were imposed upon different nations and enforced by a machinery of punishment. During these ages, out of the whole number of persons who obeyed these laws, very few either knew or inquired why they had been imposed. But all the time these nations were forming habits of action which gradually became so familiar to them that the nations who wanted similar habits became to them objects of contempt and disgust as savages. At last the time came when the hidden principle of all law was revealed, and Christian humanity became the self-legislating life of mankind. Thus did the Law bring men to Christ. Now what the Law did for the race the schoolmaster does for the individual. He imposes rules, assigning a penalty for disobedience. Under this rule the pupil grows up, until order, punctuality, industry, justice and mercy to his school-fellows, become the habits of his life. Then when the time comes, the strict rule relaxes, the pupil is taken into the master's confidence, his obedience becomes reasonable, a living morality." (Pp. 219, 220.)

The law of the Christian sabbath is also touched, too briefly for our desires, in p. 222; as is that commutation of "personal service in the cause of humanity" (p. 224) for money payments, often none of the

most copious, to which the modern arrangement of working by societies, in many respects excellent, and apparently indispensable at the present day, yet cannot but afford an unhappy facility.

The depth of the mercy of Christ to women who have compromised their own peculiar glory, is exhibited in discussing two incidents which, says the author, may be seen as specimens of Christ's redeeming power. And here we come upon that great issue, which ought in truth to be used as a touchstone of all religions and of all states of society, their effect upon the character and social position of Woman:—

"The female sex, in which antiquity saw nothing but inferiority, which Plato considered intended to do the same things as the male, only not so well, was understood for the first time by Christ. His treatment brought out its characteristics, its superiorities, its peculiar power of gratitude and self-devotion. That woman who dried with her hair the feet she had bathed in grateful tears has raised her whole sex to a higher level. But we are concerned with her not merely as a woman, but as a fallen woman. And it is when we consider her as such that the prodigious force and originality of Christ's mercy makes itself felt. For it is probably in the case of this particular vice that justice ripens the slowest and the seldomest into mercy. Most persons in whom the moral sense is very strong are, as we have said, merciful; mercy is in general a measure of the higher degrees of keenness in the moral sense. But there is a limit beyond which it seems almost impossible for mercy, properly so called, to subsist. There are certain vices which seem to indicate a criminality so engrained, or at least so inveterate, that mercy is, as it were, choked in the deadly atmosphere that surrounds them, and dies for want of that hope upon which alone it can live. Vices that are incorrigible are not proper objects of mercy, and there are some vices which virtuous people are found particularly ready to pronounce incorrigible. Few brave men have any pity to spare for a confirmed coward. And as cowardice seems to him who has the instinct of manliness a fatal vice in man as implying an absence of the indispensable condition of masculine virtue, so does confirmed unchastity in women seem a fatal vice to those who reverence womanhood. And therefore little mercy for it is felt by those who take a serious view of sexual relations. There are multitudes who think lightly of it, and therefore feel a good deal

of compassion for those who suffer at the hands of society such a terrible punishment for it. There are others who can have mercy on it while they contemplate it, as it were, at a distance, and do not realize how mortal to the very soul of womanhood is the habitual desecration of all the sacraments of love. Lastly, there are some who force themselves to have mercy on it out of reverence for the example of Christ. But of those who see it near, and whose moral sense is keen enough to judge of it, the greater number pronounce it incurable. We know the pitiless cruelty with which virtuous women commonly regard it. Why is it that in this one case the female sex is more hard-hearted than the male? Probably because in this one case it feels more strongly, as might be expected, the heinousness of the offence; and those men who criticise women for their cruelty to their fallen sisters do not really judge from the advanced stage of mercy, but from the lower stage of insensibility. It is commonly by love itself that men learn the sacredness of love. Yet, though Christ never entered the realm of sexual love, this sacredness seems to have been felt by him far more deeply than by other men. We have already had an opportunity of observing this in the case of the woman taken in adultery. He exhibited on that occasion a profound delicacy of which there is no other example in the ancient world, and which anticipates and excels all that is noblest in chivalrous and finest in modern manners. In his treatment of the prostitute, then, how might we expect him to act? Not, surely, with the ready tolerance of men, which is but laxity; we might expect from him rather the severity of women, which is purity. Disgust will overpower him here, if anywhere. He will say, 'Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. . . . 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.' There is no doubt that he was not wanting in severity; the gratitude that washed his feet in tears was not inspired by mere good-nature. But he found mercy too, where mercy commonly fails even in the tender hearts of women. And mercy triumphed, where it commonly dies of mere despair." (Pp. 247-249.)

Worthy of special notice is the treatment in pp. 267-8 of the Pharisees, as what may be called the "sepulchre-builders," with their successors in all times: but let us hasten on to the concluding chapter. Once more he presents to us a glowing picture of the Christ of the Gospels:—

"Once more, how is this enthusiasm kindled? All virtues perpetuate themselves in a manner. When the pattern is once given it will be printed in a thousand copies. This enthusiasm, then, was shown to men in its most consummate form in Jesus Christ. From him it flows as from a fountain. How it was kindled in him who knows? 'The abyssal deeps of personality' hide this secret. . . . But since Christ showed it to men, it has been found possible for them to imitate it, and every new imitation, by bringing the marvel visibly before us, revives the power of the original. As a matter of fact the Enthusiasm is kindled constantly in new hearts, and though in few it burns brightly, yet perhaps there are not very many in which it altogether goes out. At least the conception of morality which Christ gave has now become the universal one, and no man is thought good who does not in some measure satisfy it.

"Living examples are, as a general rule, more potent than those of which we read in books. And it is true that the sight of very humble degrees of Christian humanity in action will do more to kindle the Enthusiasm, in most cases, than reading the most impressive scenes in the life of Christ. It cannot, therefore, be said that Christ is the direct source of all humanity. It is handed on like the torch from runner to runner in the race of life. Still it not only exists in Christ in a pre-eminent degree, but the circumstances of his life and death gave pre-eminent opportunities of displaying it. The story of his life will always remain the one record in which the moral perfection of man stands revealed in its root and its unity, the hidden spring made palpably manifest by which the whole machine is moved. And as, in the will of God, this unique man was elected to a unique sorrow, and holds as undisputed a sovereignty in suffering as in self-devotion, all lesser examples and lives will for ever hold a subordinate place, and serve chiefly to reflect light on the central and original Example. In his wounds all human sorrows will hide themselves, and all human self-denials support themselves against his cross." (Pp. 321, 322.)

This passage appears to us without asserting to disclose, and thus to teach more winningly than if it drily asserted, that distinction in *kind* between the life and character of our Lord, and the lives and characters of other men good and great in their measure, which forms at once the most

natural and the most solid ground for the new conviction of His Deity in minds that have yet to learn the Christian alphabet, and which strengthens and refreshes that conviction, where it has been from the cradle upwards an original and primal truth. I have omitted the few words which fill the blank, "it was the will of God to beget no second son like Him;" for they seem to deal with things that we know not of, and are ill able to touch.

Presently the author gives us a solemn and much-needed warning:—

"The creed which makes human nature richer and larger, makes men at the same time capable of profounder sins; admitted into a holier sanctuary, they are exposed to the temptation of a greater sacrilege; awakened to the sense of new obligations, they sometimes lose their simple respect for the old ones; saints that have resisted the subtlest temptations sometimes begin again, as it were, by yielding without a struggle to the coarsest; hypocrisy has become tenfold more ingenious and better supplied with disguises; in short human nature has inevitably developed downwards as well as upwards, and if the Christian ages be compared with those of heathenism they are found worse as well as better, and it is possible to make it a question whether mankind has gained on the whole." (P. 326.)

Yet I venture to record dissent from the concluding words. No doubt wickedness is more wicked now, as well as goodness holier and higher, than it was in ante-Christian times. But surely the question, whether "mankind has gained on the whole?" is one that we may regard as carried by the airs of heaven out of the ocean of argument into the haven, for us at least, of admitted truth. It is enough to appeal to social changes of a palpable character and of the broadest range. Take for instance the uplifted idea and state of woman; the second, and we may trust final, triumph, now all but accomplished, of the Gospel over slavery in its modern and most insidious form; the general retirement of social infamies into the shade; the acknowledgment of the obligation to provide systematically for the sick, the sorrowing, and the very poor; the creation and visible growth of some idea of right as between nations, however separated; the acknowledgment of peace, and not war, as the natural and normal state of man; the endeavour, not always successful, to

create by municipal law a legal and judicial equality on behalf of all members of the community, in despite of all the contrasts of fortune and even of character. These are some of the changes, effected by Christianity in the very same regions, and among the same races, and now become part of the patrimony of civilisation, which appear to be in themselves decisive. And if they are in themselves decisive, the force of the decision is much enhanced when it is borne in mind that all this ground has been made good at a time when, through the wider prevalence of a quickened intelligence, a far more extended scope and range than the old world ever knew have been given to those temptations to selfishness and sin (in every form except that of violence), which beset on the right hand and on the left the path of every human pilgrim as he travels towards his home.

Finally: it is in no narrow spirit that the author exhibits to us the Church of Christ standing in the midst of the triumphs, of which it has been the organ:—

"The triumph of the Christian Church is that it is *there*,—that the most daring of all speculative dreams, instead of being found impracticable, has been carried into effect, and, when carried into effect, instead of being confined to a few select spirits, has spread itself over a vast space of the earth's surface, and, when thus diffused, instead of giving place after an age or two to something more adapted to a later time, has endured for two thousand years, and, at the end of two thousand years, instead of lingering as a mere wreck spared by the tolerance of the lovers of the past, still displays vigour and a capacity of adjusting itself to new conditions, and lastly, in all the transformations it undergoes, remains visibly the same thing and inspired by its Founder's universal and unquenchable spirit."

"The achievement of Christ, in founding by his single will and power a structure so durable and so universal, is like no other achievement which history records. The masterpieces of the men of action are coarse and common in comparison with it, and the masterpieces of speculation flimsy and insubstantial. When we speak of it the common-places of admiration fail us altogether. Shall we speak of the originality of the design, of the skill displayed in the execution? All such terms are inadequate. Originality and contriving skill operated indeed, but, as it were, implicitly. The creative effort which produces that against which, it is said, the gates of hell shall not prevail, cannot be analyzed. No architects' designs were fur-

nished for the New Jerusalem, no committee drew up rules for the Universal Commonwealth. If in the works of Nature we can trace the indications of calculation, of a struggle with difficulties, of precaution, of ingenuity, then in Christ's work it may be that the same indications occur. But these inferior and secondary powers were not consciously exercised; they were implicitly present in the manifold yet single creative act. The inconceivable work was done in calmness; before the eyes of men it was noiselessly accomplished, attracting little attention. Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, 'the Holy Ghost fell on those that believed.' No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe; it descended *out of heaven from God.*" (Pp. 327, 329, 330.)

With this noble specimen of the author's eloquence, the volume closes. I have already spoken of the method it pursues with reference to its main object, the exhibition of the august, though simple figure of our Lord in His Life and Work. Next to this in power, is his conception of the institution, to which the prosecution of that work from the day of Pentecost onward was committed, and by which the most ethereal and sublime speculation ever opened to the flight of the imagination, was reduced to a body of fact without rival in human experience. Nor should the reader pass unnoticed the broad and masculine grasp with which this work handles the subject of Christian morality both personal and social. And it is doubtless needful that popular theology, which like everything else tends to settle down into mere formulas, should thus be shaken up from time to time, and measured and adjusted by its eternal standards; that we may come at least nearer to a sense how truly the treasure is divine which is lodged unworthily in us poor earthen vessels: how the dispensation provided for us in Christ our Lord, without in the least pretending to solve off-hand all the problems that surround and perplex our state, yet is thoroughly adapted to all our capacities as well as all our practical and present needs: how lofty it is, and yet how lowly, how sublime, and yet how solid,

with its head in the highest heavens, and with its feet upon the solid earth.

I must not close without wishing the author well in what remains unaccomplished of his work. What and how much that is the public is unaware; and in what manner he will acquit himself we can only augur from the powerful specimen of his handiwork which is already before us. It is to be hoped that the consciousness of his strength will not lead him to attempt too much. To trace historically and philosophically the construction of the Christian system in institutions and in doctrines, would be the work not (so to speak) of stolen leisure, but of a life, and would require not less of reverence than of courage, of caution than of comprehension. Let us, however, leave to the exercise of his freedom one whom we have already thanked for his use of it. To him, or to any of us, it will be a great calamity should he in such a matter be misled. But what has here been written, if it could be supposed to have a value, is not a retaining fee: it is simply a record of service done, and of gratitude gallantly and fairly earned.

From The Saturday Review, 29 Feb.

MR. ADAMS.

THE general esteem and respect which attend Mr. Adams on his departure from England ought not to impair his popularity with his fellow-citizens. No wise Englishman desires that the representative of a foreign country should identify himself with the interests of the State to which he is temporarily accredited. It is enough that he should be exempt from narrow prejudice, and that he should be able and willing to appreciate alien customs and modes of thought. As long as international relations are exclusively conducted among crowned heads and Cabinets, a versatile diplomatist of the school of TALLEYRAND has the best chance of winning in the political game; but where public affairs are directly or virtually controlled by general opinion, it is above all things necessary that an ambassador should share and understand the feelings of his own countrymen. Even at European Courts, English Ministers have sometimes been delicately rallied on the long course of professional employment which was supposed to have dulled their sympathy with the course of public opinion

at home; and, indeed, the only plausible argument against a special diplomatic service is founded on the advantage possessed by a statesman who comes fresh from contact with domestic affairs. The son and grandson of Presidents of the United States, a New Englander from the model State of Massachusetts, once a Republican member of the House of Representatives, and the associate of the principal leaders of the party, Mr. ADAMS might be expected to be an American of the Americans, and he has never belied his character. A more pliable Minister would have been less efficient for the task of preserving the peace in a time of extraordinary irritation. A certain impassiveness and severity of demeanour prevented the most sanguine English politicians from assuming that the American envoy repudiated for himself the tone of remonstrance which he was constantly instructed to use. To command personal deference in English society, a diplomatist must be a gentleman; but if he is to be the faithful exponent of American feeling, he may advantageously dispense with the external qualities of a courtier. The friendly regard which Mr. ADAMS has earned in England has frequently found expression in public and in private; but the most awkward of his admirers has never committed the blunder of paying him a compliment on any supposed superiority to his countrymen at large. On occasions on which a certain expansiveness of sentiment would not have been inappropriate, Mr. ADAMS has perhaps erred on the side of sternness and indifference. Of the genuine burst of regret which was caused by the murder of Mr. LINCOLN he took little notice; but, if he has not been demonstrative of kindly feeling, he has also abstained from passionate and discourteous language when the wildest invective against the English Government would have increased his popularity at home.

The students of Mr. SEWARD's despatches will best appreciate the tact and prudence which rendered the communications of the American Minister with the English Government not altogether intolerable. The transmission of a long series of eloquent lectures on the duties of nations must have been an invidious task when it became necessary to inform Lord RUSSELL or his successors, in personal interviews, that, in the judgment of the American SECRETARY of STATE, they had perpetrated almost every conceivable wrong. The style of composition preferred by Mr. ADAMS himself contrasted strongly with the ornate copiousness of his official superior. A close

reasoner, and sometimes almost a pugnacious litigant, Mr. ADAMS never indulges in rhetorical amplifications, or in the generalities which find favour on platforms and with political assemblies in the United States. His arguments are as dry and as calm as if they were presented to a Court of Equity, while Mr. SEWARD seems always anxious to prove that his opponent is maintaining an untenable position in violation of the most sacred principles. It is not improbable that the SECRETARY of STATE and the representative of his Government in England cultivated a perfect mutual understanding, and that they half unconsciously effected between themselves a convenient division of labour. It was the business of Mr. ADAMS to persuade, to convince, or to confute the FOREIGN SECRETARY, and the English Cabinet; but Mr. SEWARD wrote as much for his own countrymen as for the English Government, and American taste requires that the candle of patriotism should not be hidden under the bushel of conciseness. There is reason for believing that from the beginning of the American troubles Mr. SEWARD has sincerely desired to preserve peace with England. During a considerable part of Mr. LINCOLN's tenure of office, the able SECRETARY of STATE directed the Government under the name of his inexperienced chief; and it is certain that, on the important occasion of the seizure of the passengers on board the *Trent*, Mr. SEWARD almost alone prevented the PRESIDENT and the Cabinet from yielding to the popular clamour for an immediate rupture. It is not necessary to suppose that Mr. SEWARD cherishes friendly feelings to England; but, notwithstanding his habitual flux of oratory, he is a patriotic and cautious statesman. During the war he knew that a conflict with England, and probably with France, would have established the independence of the South; and, on the return of peace, it would have placed insuperable difficulties in the way of financial improvement. To satisfy his fellow-citizens, and perhaps to indulge his own feelings, he wrote volumes on volumes of complaint; and, down to the present time, he has refused to settle pending disputes, except on conditions which the English Government holds to be inadmissible. Yet peace has been preserved during the seven years of his administration; and a large share of the credit must be distributed between the SECRETARY of STATE and the American Minister in England. One or two of Mr. SEWARD's most eloquent and disagreeable despatches were not even pre-

sented to the English Government; and it is not known that Mr. ADAMS was censured for the prudence which dictated the suppression.

Although the retiring Minister has always been welcomed in English society, his public position during a portion of his term of service must have been in some respects unpleasant. He arrived in England in the early summer of 1861, only two or three days after the issue of the celebrated proclamation of neutrality; and he had a plausible grievance in the alleged precipitation of a measure to which he might be supposed to have been prepared with objections. He probably soon satisfied himself that the recognition of neutrality, whatever may have been the merits or the policy of the proceeding, had been made in good faith, without intention of offence to himself or to his Government; but it must be assumed that he believed in the substantial justice of the charge of premature interference which it has ever since been his principal business to reiterate. To Englishmen in general it seemed, at the commencement of the secession, that a great nation had permanently divided itself into two sections, and that it was neither prudent nor justifiable to take part with either belligerent; but Mr. ADAMS represented only one of the contending parties, and it was his duty to claim for the residuary Government the exclusive recognition which had formerly related to the whole Union. As the fortune of war afterwards justified his contention, he may naturally hold, in common with his countrymen, that a policy founded, as events proved, on ignorance of the future, was erroneous and unjust. The accident of his arrival after the proclamation of neutrality might have excused an asperity of language and manners which his sound sense taught him to avoid. He probably remembered some circumstances which the violent English adherents of the Republican party in the United States have forgotten, if they ever knew them. His predecessor, Mr. DALLAS, was a Democrat, representing a President who was the zealous supporter of the South; and Mr. DALLAS had succeeded Mr. BUCHANAN, who, during his residence in England, plotted the acquisition of Cuba, for the avowed purpose of securing the maintenance of slavery in the Southern States. The same statesman had, only six months before the arrival of Mr. ADAMS in England, declared to Congress, in a Presidential Message, that the Consti-

tution provided no means of reclaiming by force any State which might secede from the Union. It was not the business of foreign politicians to take part in the domestic contests of the United States, or to withhold credit from the official utterances of American Presidents and Ministers Plenipotentiary. The sudden revolution of opinion which followed the capture of Fort Sumter ought perhaps to have been foreseen by sagacious observers, but it could not with propriety have been formally anticipated. Mr. ADAMS himself had in Congress acted with the moderate party which would willingly have averted the secession by any practicable sacrifices. In England he may perhaps have been sometimes amused with the ignorance of the philanthropic fanatics who were the noisiest devotees of his own policy and Government.

In subsequent discussions with the English Government, Mr. ADAMS maintained with inflexible tenacity the American doctrines of the day; but he never lost his temper, he never aggravated unavoidable differences by offensive language, and, above all, he never diverged into eloquence. For two or three years it was of vital importance to the United States to preserve the peace, although almost every American speaker and writer appeared to be bent on bringing on an immediate quarrel with Great Britain. The amateur assistants whom Mr. SEWARD despatched from time to time to aid Mr. ADAMS in his arduous duty contributed little or nothing to the maintenance of peace; and they probably sometimes embarrassed the Minister by their officious interference. Archbishop HUGHES, of New York, thought it his duty to fulfil Mr. SEWARD's pacific instructions by making anti-English speeches in Ireland; and other agents confined themselves to the society of strong American partisans. Mr. ADAMS, even if he had shared in any respect the nature of a demagogue, would have abstained from impertinent intrusion into the domestic quarrels of a foreign country. From first to last he has faithfully represented his Government, and he has presented to Englishmen the character of a worthy descendant of the grave and dignified statesmen who illustrated the earlier days of the Republic. If his countrymen hereafter require the services of a prudent and experienced counsellor, they may possibly think that the highest dignity in their gift would be well bestowed on hereditary merit even in the third generation.

From The London Review.

DR. NEWMAN'S POEMS.*

As a rule, Christianity is not happy in its poets. Singers like to catch strains nearest the earth, and it is rare to find a soul embracing angels only, and never striving to warm the dead Greek gods into life or to seek objects for its poetic passion in the forms of flesh. Here we breathe a cool, religious air, and, if we follow the writer in his thoughts, find that his verses are condensed from an abstract mood whose pivot is God. For him there are no Pagan images or accessories. He rejects an ornament for his lines, with a false colour on it, as an impertinence. His ideas are purged and clarified to an extreme and thin degree, but this very thinness gives them a force to penetrate deep into sentiments of the noblest and most worthy kind. There is no effort at dramatic performance, and still nothing can be more perfect in its way than the dramatic instinct which achieves its result without an apparent exertion. One of the greatest charms also about Dr. Newman's poetry is its intense conviction and certainty. It is as distinct as logic. A cloud never passes across the sun on which his eyes are fixed. The full devotedness of a mind all surrendered to its own theory of existence is his. You can trace in every line the perpetual consciousness of the man, his unswerving determined belief in the utter insignificance of the things of the world, and the absorbing, nearly selfish, vigour with which he has set himself to follow to the very end those views which he is satisfied entail an immortality. The expression "devotional," however, would very adequately describe the characteristic feature of these verses. There is an absence of that warmth and familiarity with which we are usually accustomed to identify "devotional" poems. Warmth with Dr Newman would be obtrusive; he prefers to offer up a cold and clarified homage, a distant petition for help, for aid; but he waits at the gate of the Temple.

The want of a little common humanity in the verses must be felt. Of a wide intellectual sympathy there is a great deal; but the sympathy is purely intellectual, and offered only to be drawn back and have substituted in its place a compassion which for ever insists on becoming a religious virtue. Dr. Newman does not waste a feeling upon pity which he could convert into a pearl, for which he would have a reward in heaven.

The effect of this constant motive underlying the whole current of his reflections, is to make the reader wish for a moment that the writer could feel with an ordinary pulse. The nearest approach to a sense of grief to be found in this book is in the following poem, a very beautiful poem, severe and classic in its shape, and replete with a music, melancholy and sweet, but still seeming to be far away from us on lonely and inaccessible heights:—

"CONSOLATIONS IN BEREAVEMENT."

"Death was full urgent with thee, Sister dear,
And startling in his speed;—
Brief pain, then languor till thy end came
near—
Such was the path decreed,
The hurried road
To lead thy soul from earth to thine own God's
abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet maid, impatiently:—
Yet merciful the haste
That baffles sickness;—dearest, thou didst die,
Thou wast not made to taste
Death's bitterness,
Decline's slow-wasting charm, or fever's fierce
distress.

Death came unheralded:—but it was well;
For so thy Saviour bore
Kind witness, thou wast met at once to dwell
On His eternal shore;
All warning spared,
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt
change prepared.

Death wrought in mystery; both complaint and
cure
To human skill unknown:—
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast
caught away.

Death urged as scant of time:—lest, Sister
dear,
We many a lingering day
Had sickened with alternate hope and fear,
The agony of delay;
Watching each spark
Of promise quenched in turn, till all our sky
was dark.

Death came and went:—that so thy image
might
Our yearning hearts possess,
Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright,
With youth and loveliness;
Sorrow can claim,
Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing
name.

* Verses on Various Occasions. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes !
 Dearest, thou art enshrined
 In all thy fragrance in our memories ;
 For we must ever find
 Bare thought of thee
 Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall
 be."

The excessive spiritualism of these poems is indeed remarkable. Dr. Newman breaks through the crust (as it seems to him) which envelops earth, air, and sea, and speaks directly to beings of another order and dwelling, who, according to him, have certain agencies to do here. In fact, with him, it is the unseen world which is alone real. He almost says this literally : —

"SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

"They do but grope in learning's pedant round,
 Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
 An idol substance, bidding us bow low
 Before those shades of being which are found,
 Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground ;
 As if such shapes and moods, which come
 and go,
 Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor
 show,
 To sway or judge, and skill to stain or
 wound."

His good angel is always beside him. The dead are gazing on us from their homes above. Taking ever an interest in our pursuits, our sorrows, our triumphs —

"A sea before
 The Throne is spread ; — its pure still glass
 Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
 We, on its shore,
 Share, in the bosom of our rest,
 God's knowledge, and are blest."

The workings of God are actual and vivid, not mysterious, either, for Dr. Newman recognises angels here and angels there, and tangible devils with qualities as discoverable by him as the bad arguments of his old opponent, the Rev. C. Kingsley. Nothing, perhaps, could give us a stronger proof of the filtrating power possessed by this keen and beautiful intellect than the manner in which these phantoms are always preserved from vulgarity or tawdriness. An angel in a miracle play and an angel of Dr. Newman's faith or fancy would be two very different things, and yet both would spring from the same theological origin. Anything more lovely or more fascinating than the angels he dreams of it is impossible to conceive. He places those glorious creatures, as it were, at different ranges, to mark in

some way the illimitable gulf between the Deity and us. He has a singular apprehension of this gulf. Behind his faith there is also a perpetual threat. God is "unwearied," the Lord is "dread," he will punish severely even those saved from the eternal burning. And yet there are times when this spirit is abandoned, and when the Soul puts itself in submissive love and obedience at the Almighty's direction without a pang of fear or misgiving : —

"THE PILLAR AND THE CLOUD.

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling
 gloom,
 Lead Thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home —
 Lead Thou me on !
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on !
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost
 awhile."

Need we say, after what we have written, that we commend this book ? Nobody can read it without entertaining the sincerest respect for its writer. Seldom, indeed, do we find ourselves in contact with a mind so definite, so exalted, and so faithful to its pure and sanctified impulses — to its desires, fed at sources which none but fools could mock.

From The Athenæum.

MEMOIRS OF LORD BROUGHAM.

A CURIOUS case has been heard before Mr. Church, chief clerk of the Master of the Rolls.

It is well known that the death of Lord Campbell removed from Lord Brougham that apprehension which he said would add a last pang to the agonies of a dying bed — the fear that Campbell would write his life. Still, it was likely enough that the task of writing a life of the famous orator would fall into some other hands ; and therefore the ex-

Chancellor bethought him that he would snatch the fearful opportunity from all his rivals by doing the work himself — publishing in his own day and under his own name a proper account of his career. All the world, we may say, expected from him an autobiography. All the world, however, imagined that it would have to wait until he had passed away from the region of criticism before it could enjoy the pleasure of reading a book which, whenever it appears, can hardly help being a wonderful and dramatic story. More than a year ago, Lord Brougham decided otherwise. Why should he not put forth his labour now, and hear what was said about his work while there was yet time to correct mistakes and reply to malevolence? Yes; he would publish now.

Great collections of materials had been made, and many chapters, it is understood, had been already written by the learned Lord. Yet much remained to be done. Like Lady Morgan, Lord Brougham appears to have kept all his correspondence; and a room full of letters requires a good deal of adroit winnowing. We hear of a gentleman having had under his care a batch of thirty thousand letters! Such a mass of papers would need for their perusal and arrangement a pair of young eyes; and the aged orator consulted a friend as to the hire of a gentleman who could read and write, and would not object to assist in making the projected work readable and popular.

Dr. Joseph Cauvin was recommended by that friend, and his services were accepted by Lord Brougham on rather vague terms of remuneration. On one point, however, there was no vagueness. Dr. Cauvin's share in the labour was to be almost wholly intellectual. He was to draw up a regular plan, to suggest subjects for treatment, and determine which letters out of the mighty mass of correspondence should be inserted in the book. But he was to labour for hire, and not for fame. It was expressly stipulated that he was not to expect publicity and popularity. His name was not to appear on the title-page. He was to be content with money. So far, so good. Dr. Cauvin fell to work, reading the matters already set down in writing, going through a collection, as he says, of thirty thousand letters, submitting plans for the general treatment, and otherwise carrying out his part of the undertaking. The work seems to have made progress; and, but for the subsequent quarrel, we suppose that some part of it might have been by this time before the public. But a day arrived when the editor wished for payment on account. Then arose the question of how much he

ought to be paid for doing the brain-work and foregoing the reputation to be won by intellectual toil. On this point, the two parties displayed differences of opinion which were not to be overcome by reference to their common friends. Dr. Cauvin, to speak in general terms, put his service at the figure of 1,000*l*. The other side contended that this sum was not only too high, but so high as to prevent any publisher from undertaking the work subject to so heavy an editorial charge. Now came the dead lock. Dr. Cauvin, who had possession of the Brougham letters and papers, fancied he had a right to keep them until his claim was finally discharged. Hence, an appeal has been made to the Master's chief clerk, which must have been highly distasteful to all the parties concerned, since all the parties in it appear to a disadvantage. Mr. Church decided that Dr. Cauvin had no right over the papers. He admitted, however, that the case was exceptional, and recommended that the documents should be handed over to some man of letters with power to arrange about the proper terms of remuneration for the labour done. Until this course could be adopted the papers were to be deposited in the Rolls Court. Meantime, the 'Life and Times of Lord Brougham' is necessarily delayed.

From The London Review.

THE STUDY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

DEAN ALFORD gives us in this volume the method he would advise for the study of the Epistles. In an introductory chapter, suggestive of much which might not strike ordinary readers of the Bible, he gives the keynote of his discourse by observing that the Gospel which was founded by deeds was spread by narration. This is to some extent true, but it is not wholly true. The Gospel was as much evidenced in the lives of the Apostles, as it was in the history they had to relate, and the doctrine they had to expound. At the same time that they preached, they proved their mission by working miracles. They were, in a manner, to *be* the Gospel as well as to preach it. And it was, no doubt, this concurrence of a doctrine and practice so opposite to those which then prevailed

* How to Study the New Testament. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London: Strahan & Co.

amongst the nations, that produced such startling results in the way of conversion. But that does not lessen the interest which attaches to the narrative of their labours, or to those epistles by which they endeavoured to nourish and confirm the faith which they had implanted. Habit has somewhat drilled us to the value of these extraordinary documents; and Dean Alford observes, with much force, that "perhaps we do not sufficiently realize in our imaginations the state of the newly-founded Churches during this first and deeply interesting period;" and that, consequently, "we do not appreciate the full significance of the Apostolic epistles, and their entire appropriateness to the work which was then to be done." This may appear a trite observation, but it is in truth not so. It is plainly impossible that we should realize the force of the Epistles without some help from the imagination — not to construct for us a world which had no reality, but to recall for us that very world to which, immediately after the Ascension of our Saviour, His Gospel was preached. "Let us," says Dean Alford, "by way of introduction to the Epistles, take the case of one such Church, in Asia Minor, or on the opposite shores of Greece, and endeavour to enter into its state and its wants." Then he proceeds: —

"Imagine a fair plain, with sheltering mountains. The scenery differs not much from that which some of us have seen in the south of Italy, save that the palm has somewhat encroached on the cypress and the olive; which latter trees, however, are found prevalent, and in luxuriance. The plain is bestridden with the arches of aqueducts, which have for their centre a fair group of buildings, whose columns are marked out by the fierce Eastern sun into lines of bright and dark alternating. That is the Acropolis — the temple fortress — the abode of the tutelary deities, whose images may be seen glittering in the sun, as we see to this day the saints on St. John Lateran glittering miles off over the Campagna at Rome. We are in a heathen land. But let me enter the city: let me deliver my Christian note of introduction. The scene is very strange to me. Amidst the crowd of loungers, half-clad slaves, and children wholly naked, moves the heathen procession, with its ox adorned with garlands, and its sacrificing priest, girt at the waist, and his axe at his shoulder. It is plain who is in possession. But where is the little seed out of which shall grow the great tree whose roots shall thrust out the plant that now fills the land? I deliver my letter. I enter into converse. What do I find? A few months before, a holy man has taken his departure. He had been with them some weeks — golden weeks —

weeks of blessedness to their furthest memory. It had been an angel's visit. They take me up the Acropolis; there he stood and prayed; then he told them this or that Christian truth; the very coraices of the temple, the very coincident points in the look-out over land and distant sea, are full of the good tidings which he brought. . . . I re-enter the city with them, and in the shade of evening, and again under the moist dawn, I resort to their humble room of worship. Here is the centre and focus of the light which has been poured upon them. Here, from day to day the holy man poured out his treasury of golden words — doubly precious now that the tone of his voice has departed."

To keep alive the impressions thus made, "the apostolic teachers were directed to the expedient of writing letters to the churches which they had founded, or which owed their existence to emissaries sent from themselves." Thus we came by the Epistles.

"And surely no plan could have been more effectual, whether for the present emergency, or for the future profit to the Church. The questions which would need determining would be just those which were likely to recur again and again during the spread of the Gospel, and during the progress of individual churches. The relations of Christianity to social life, and to heathen practices, the observance of days and the abstinence from meats — and other doubts arising from circumstances — would furnish examples of the application of the commands and maxims of Christ, and would call up the mention of first principles in a way which, when once exemplified, it might be easy to continue. And such letters would naturally also be employed in taking notice of any points in the conduct of those addressed which required correction, and thus would be led to dilate upon the great requirements of Christian morality. And when the writer was conscious of certain doctrines having been but insufficiently explained, he would naturally enlarge upon them; and would establish and enforce the belief of such as were likely to be called in question."

The reader has in these extracts the key to Dean Alford's method of studying the Epistles. It is a subject, of course, upon which a variety of theories might be constructed, but there is nothing contrary to probability in that which the Dean propounds, while his dissertations on the Epistles themselves are full of instructive matter, recalling for the reader the peoples, their cities and surroundings, to whom they were addressed. On the whole, we seldom see a work of the kind so popularly written, and so free from religious slang.

From The London Review.

THE POETRY OF MIDDLE AGE.

THERE is a singular tendency abroad at present towards the investigation of idealisms. We must have everything in heaven and earth reduced to the terminology of the exact sciences; and there shall be no more love, hope, or piety, without its corresponding physiological cause. Religious enthusiasm is the product of disorder of the brain; self-denial is only the result of an undue excitement of certain nervous susceptibilities. Poetry is the sublimation of strong passions; it is the superfluous vigour of youth projected into the realms of the imagination; it is the subtle product of a resplendent ignorance of the world. Apollo, therefore, must be young; he must have a splendid circulation; his mental and physical organization must be replete with unnecessary force. Not reflection, but anticipation, must be his watchword; and it is his duty to sing loudly and strongly of the impossible glories which his juvenility — his greenness, in fact — suggests. When he passes from this brief period of probation, the sober truths of middle age temper his hopes and extinguish his rhapsodies. He proceeds to demonstrate heaven by scientific method. His vague idealisms are vanished; he seizes hard matters of fact; and it is only too well with him if he does not cry with Faust, —

“Was kann die Welt mir wohl gewähren?
Entbehren sollst du! sollst entbehren!”

That some such theory is the actual and practical belief of most people whom one meets, is not to be doubted. Youth is the time for illusions; middle age lays the cold hand of experience on these flushed aspirations. Youth dreams; middle age sees; old age reflects, and grumbles. Youth paints the coming years, the coming mistress, the coming fame, in rainbow hues; middle age deals with the temperature of the wine-cellar, and is particular to see that the woodcock have hung long enough before being cooked for supper. But the least effort of reflection will show us that the self-deceiving powers of human nature — if it is necessary to talk of idealization as a process of self-deception — are always present, and that the different effects they produce at different stages in a man's life are solely due to the changing of the material upon which they work. It is merely a matter of literary history that the noblest idealizations human nature has produced have been the work of ripe middle age. The “Inferno,”

“Paradise Lost,” and “King Lear” were the work of workers who more than most men had been buffeted about and tried in the sobering school of experience. The “Wahlverwandschaften” is surely of more value to us than the peevish impulses of young Werther. And in ordinary everyday life we constantly meet with men who, themselves devoted to the barest materialism in theory, and apparently living the most prosaic life imaginable, are nevertheless possessed by some occasional “illusion” which transfigures their poor existence, and makes it less animal and more human. It may be some divine tenderness for their grandchild, or some incomprehensible affection for their favourite horse, or some impulsive longing to be near the sea. One who has devoted a true poetic gift to the study of middle age — we mean Mr. James Hedderwick — who, writing for the “secret thrill of a remote applause,” has been too much and unaccountably overlooked in these times of rapid literary changes — has described a wretched miser whose mania has procured him only the contempt and aversion of all who know him. But the miserable old man has more than his money over which to gloat; that does not quite satisfy him; and sometimes he takes from a secret drawer

“A faded writing and a lock of hair.”

Humanity on mathematical principles is impossible. No attainable culture can banish those redeeming weaknesses of unreason and blind affection which fall to the lot of the most logical of human beings. The sympathies of middle age have merely altered their horizon. They embrace other objects, and are concentrated on other aims. The writer of whom we have just spoken has endeavoured to sketch these new relations formed by the growth of a man's nature between himself and the world. He has his apology ready for that leaning towards the *res angustæ domi* which has been too often satirized by intellectual Bohemians: —

“Man soars into the wide eternities,
Till, wildered in their awful solitudes,
He shrinks for soothing to the homely moods
Of womanly affection, and the wise,
Calm faith of childhood, and the love displayed
In the familiar smile the season wears.”

It is the blindness of youth which does not perceive the signification of common things; which fails to grasp the tender idealisms which may be concealed in the ordinary acts

of an ordinary life. Youth paints life with the melodramatic brush of a Victor Hugo; middle age observes it with the serenity of a Goethe. But there is no lack of passion in middle age. Surely that is not the strongest passion which cries the loudest; nor yet is that strength, as Mr. Carlyle has observed, the most useful strength which takes the form of hysterics. Suppose we go to the police courts for a little inductive teaching. The police reports in our morning newspapers are, so far as they go, a much safer guide to certain phases of modern life than the dainty selections of the three-volume novel. Who, then, is it whom we find figuring in that lurid lime-light, which the crime of infidelity throws upon a man and his surroundings? Not, as a rule, the young man who has been jilted, who bewails the destruction of his idealisms in weak verse, and for a time becomes a nuisance to himself and his friends; but the middle-aged man whom sudden passion compels to cut the throat of his children in order that he may revenge himself upon their mother. Middle age attains to a maturity of emotion as well as to a maturity of intellect; and when the judgment of a full-grown man is set aside, and he is resigned to the fierce impulses of passion, the result is of corresponding intensity and horror.

A pleasanter theme is the pious aspirations of middle age, with their tendency towards immediate faith and rest. The end of life does not necessarily become the more awful the nearer we approach to it; although, as Mr. Hedderwick says —

"A chill is wafted from the fleeting years,
Great Heaven! what doom it were to walk
alone
To the final Mystery! but hand in hand,
With all the generation journeying on,
We face with courage due the shadowy land,
And scarce would lag behind our marching
peers."

In one way, however, the habit of middle age is cowardly: A young man boldly accepts the conclusions to which the ordinary processes of logic drive him. Middle age has either less belief in the infallibility of human reason, or is desirous of immediate personal comfort at any price. The young man who first approaches the study of political economy, and believes it to contain the whole duty of man, may convince himself that it is clearly his duty to society and to himself to discountenance promiscuous almsgiving. Having logically demonstrated this truth, he puts it into his creed, and will in nowise budge from the

line of conduct which it demands. Fifteen or twenty years afterwards, he may still entertain a high respect for political economy as a science; but the spectacle of an old man shivering on a frosty night, and mutely asking for the dry bread of charity, is only too likely to appeal to some higher instinct than a belief in Bentham, let us say. And so with a hundred other matters. An enlargement of sympathy naturally begets in middle age a corresponding charity of judgment, a highly laudable distrust of one's own infallibility, and a clearer and kindlier vision. It is in middle age, also, that all the specially transitive good qualities of human nature assert themselves. Proselyting — which is simply philanthropy *plus* a strong conviction of some kind or other — is seldom the bent of a man under forty; and to be a proselytizer demands a considerable substratum of that idealization which in another form becomes poetry. What really seems to be the rock on which most people's notions about the poetry of youth and the prose of middle age split, is a confusion of terms in mixing up the illusion of ignorance with the illusion of the imagination. What is called the romantic period of a man's life is the period in which he is most prone to receive and act upon views of life which are merely untrue. It will happen occasionally that such a mistaken belief may produce a dramatic complication or climax, which is in itself poetical; but that is an accident. The romance of a youth of nineteen is, as a rule, founded upon ignorance; the romance of middle age is the result of developed character, passion, or tragic situation. It is not quite so with women; for a woman reaches maturity before middle age, and may have, as a girl, a quite surprising womanliness of judgment and intensity of character. Generally speaking, however, the loves and feelings and aspirations of a young girl are as vapid and weak as those of a young man; and as little to be depended upon as being an index to the ultimate nature or possibilities of the individual. She may be a sort of undeveloped Undine in appearance, and afterwards turn out a cruel and avaricious termagant; while he, after having worn long hair, and worshipped Fichte, and written verses for half a dozen years, may more or less suddenly become a highly matter-of-fact banker, with a weakness for croquet. In either case, whatever there is in the individual organization of true poetic idealism — as distinguished from foolish anticipations or reflected sentiment — will only be evolved by the slow process of years.

From The Leader.

JEALOUSY.

ONE of the most difficult of the emotions to analyse and do justice to is jealousy. No woman will thank you for the love that is without it; and yet the love that is with it is always treated with ridicule. It is certainly one of the drollest emotions that an outsider can contemplate. It works a kind of tragical expression in the face which is almost as exaggerated and comical as the blood-thirsty scowl of the transpontine villain. It is odd that with this emotion, which most men and women have experienced in a greater or less degree in their lives, almost nobody will sympathise. We suppose that there is some philosophic reason for this; yet it is certainly a curious consideration, for all that. Shakespeare in six lines has pretty well said all that can be said of love:—

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just.
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward;
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward."

It must be believed that it is just because love works in this subtle yet incongruous manner—because its obstinate operations can never find a right interpretation even by the most reflective observer, that the unfortunate emotion that dogs its expression always fails in winning the sympathy, even the recognition, that it would be found to deserve were it nakedly unfolded before us. Judging of jealousy in the abstract, it is certainly more pardonable than love. It might be defined as a second love, growing, as it were, out of the parent-feeling, refined by its very exaltation into a sensitiveness that can be made to quiver with a kind of agony by a doubtful smile, or glance, or movement of the head. Whom can you expect to sympathise with such a sensitive condition of being? The old, who might be thought to understand it because they have experienced it, think it unnatural, and, of course, unjustifiable; the young laugh at it, if it be obvious, and wonder at its cause; whilst the jealous themselves are the most hard upon it, as if hating their own degradation in the degradation which they witness in others.

Jealousy, so far from meriting contempt, will generally be found to deserve pity. There are signs in the eyes and utterances

in smiles which the keen intelligence of love is quick to interpret. Love after all is rightfully exacting. Let a man love a woman devotedly, let him concentrate in her his noblest emotions, his most refined feelings, let him environ her with a love-lighted halo, and contemplate his future peaceful in the mellowing beauty of her presence. A mighty trust is his; in her heart will be found enshrined all that he has of honour, of virtue, of hope. Is he to be ridiculed for jealously interpreting the movements of the life which he has rounded with his love? Even let the interpretation be false, jealousy is not blamable. Every woman knows how requisite is tact when once she is conscious of being in possession of another's love. There is never jealousy without some provocation; it may be faint or obvious in proportion to the nature of the love; but inquire into apparently the most groundless jealousy and you will find a cause somewhere. People will think themselves quite justified in ridiculing jealousy that is provoked by the most harmless actions. What are these harmless actions? They may mean a waltz, a protracted *tête-à-tête* apart, a whisper, a smile, a thousand things seemingly too trifling to mention. People will tell you that it is the nature of woman to love admiration. They will assure you that she will woo it so long as she has any pretensions (and after) to support the wooing; that you may be quite sure that her love is yours only, and that if she flirts with others it is very harmless indeed, and means no more than "her way of enjoying herself." All this of course is very pretty consolation. But is the jealousy unjustifiable that is provoked by it? We think not. A girl who insists upon waltzing after she is engaged is much better left alone. True love will never care to clasp the waist that can be clasped by any coxcomb's arm. True love will never care to enjoy the privileges that seem accorded to any drawing-room snob who may wish to claim them. There must be some distinction between the "before" and the "after." If love does not suggest a reserved and consistent demeanour to an engaged girl, tact should, and if tact does not, then it is plain that the sooner the lover surrenders the fair one to the full enjoyment of her own uncontrolled actions, the better. She will be found useful as a dancer, but dangerous as a wife.

Of course, our remarks hold equally good with men. But it will generally be found that a man, unless he has a title, or plenty of money, or a very handsome face, will not be half so much courted as a girl. He is in

less danger of violating the conditions imposed upon him by love. He therefore wants less tact than a woman. We shall, of course, be thought very "straight-laced" for what we have said, and shall be accused of taking the subject of jealousy merely as an excuse for attacking at least two-thirds of the engaged girls of the day. Well, we will not disclaim the charge; we should only just like to add, in conclusion, that if the motive of flirtation in a girl after she is engaged be merely a womanly love of admiration, she sets about her labours to secure it in the very last way those men whose admiration she courts would suggest. A girl who is not ashamed of letting the world know that she regards herself in the light of a wife; who does not blush to refuse a waltz, not only because her own love tells her that the spectacle of her whirling entertainment may pain a very honest and very manly affection, but because her sense of womanly dignity would be offended by the pressing contact of a stranger's arm; who does not indulge in those little "innocent" recreations so very much practised by a certain class of young ladies who are determined to let people see that "they are not yet married" (a great joke, by the way, amongst them); such a girl, we say, is far more likely to secure the ennobling opinion of an order of men, not so rare as is imagined, who think for the most part upon women in the light of flowers, fit only to be picked for their perfume, then thrown aside.

From The London Review.

AN OLD LADY'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

THERE are few long lives the reminiscences of which would not furnish some matter of interest to others. The garrulity of age is excusable; nay, is often the means of making us better acquainted with the characteristics of preceding times than we otherwise should be. Of late years we have had several collections of personal gossip which have heightened and enlarged our knowledge of the wonderful epoch when Buonaparte was overrunning the Continent, and we were fighting against enormous odds, not only for supremacy, but for existence; an epoch which steam and electricity seem to have isolated as completely as the middle

ages. To these works the Hon. Miss Murray now adds another, referring for the most part to the same period — a volume which, though brief and slight, will be found not devoid of amusing anecdote. Miss Murray is the daughter of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. David's, who married a Miss Annie Grant, daughter of General Grant. The paternal grandfather of Miss Murray was the Duke of Athole; but the family had settled in England, and the authoress of the present volume seems to have been born in Surrey. Lord George died prematurely in 1803, and his widow was left in straitened circumstances, which were to some extent relieved by a pension granted to the widow and daughters by Pitt, in consideration of the deceased bishop having invented and organized one of the first attempts at telegraphic communication, which was carried on by means of a series of shuttles, and which saved the country much expenditure during the war. "I just remember," says Miss Murray, "seeing one of these telegraphs on the roof of the Admiralty: it sent messages through others on corresponding heights, and by this means notice was given to the different ports, which enabled the fleets to unite; and a great naval victory was gained in consequence. I rather believe a model of the old telegraph is still preserved at Somerset House." The year 1804, the second of Lady George Murray's widowhood, was passed at Shepperton, on the Thames. At Oatlands, on the opposite bank, the Duchess of York had a cemetery for dogs, with little headstones to mark where her especial favourites were interred. In 1805, the Murray family went to Weymouth, where they attracted the attention of George III. and Queen Charlotte, who appear to have treated them with great kindness, inviting them to the lodge, loading them with presents, and taking them for trips in the royal yacht. "I have been seated on the old King's knee," says Miss Murray; "and I remember he charged me always to wear a pocket, for George III. was shocked by the scanty dresses then in fashion, which made it out of the question for ladies to wear pockets." We have of late returned to the fashions of 1805 in this respect; though whether it is again "out of the question for ladies to wear pockets" is a delicate matter into which we will not inquire. The costume of girls in those days seems to have been much more simple than it is now. "Then it was only the married women who were attired expensively," satins and velvets being considered too heavy and old-looking for maidens. It was regarded as "the

* Recollections from 1803 to 1837. With a conclusion in 1868. By the Honorable Amelia Murray. London: Longmans & Co.

thing" for ladies to cover their foreheads with a broad band; but we fancy that Miss Murray is mistaken in saying that "it was not considered delicate or refined" to leave the forehead exposed. The fashion, if we mistake not, was introduced by Mrs. Siddons as an offering to the Tragic Muse, and was afterwards followed, as other fashions are, because women like to be in accordance with "the mode." A stranger habit in those days was for ladies who had passed their youth to wear wigs. The Princesses, we are told, had their heads shaved, and wore wigs ready dressed and decorated for the evening, to save time. Widows almost always shaved their heads, and mourned in perukes. The shaving of the head as a token of grief is a very ancient custom; but the wearing of a wig as the sign of widowhood is peculiar. At the time to which Miss Murray is alluding, the use of wigs had been very generally given up by men, but it seems to have survived for awhile with the ladies. About 1808, the King appointed Lady George Murray a lady-in-waiting on his two eldest unmarried daughters, the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth. It was the custom of the King's household in those days to have no regular luncheon; but "each lady had a chicken, a plate of fruit, and a bottle of 'King's cup' brought to her room, every day the same." What, it may be asked, was "King's cup"? It was a beverage invented by the great George himself, and consisting of an infusion of lemon-peel in cold water, sweetened with sugar. We cannot say that the description of this nectar at all tempts us: it bears too great a resemblance to the drink which the poor little half-starved "Marchioness" improvised out of orange-peel and water, and which, if you persuaded yourself *very* much, you might accept for wine. Miss Murray says nothing in praise of "King's cup," and, as her loyalty is evidently such that she would gladly commend if she could, we conclude that her silence is fatal. The system of fees and perquisites existed in those times to a monstrous degree. "On all the highest saints' days, a tinsel cross of divers colours was placed on the tables of the ladies, or sent to their residences, and a guinea was understood to be due in return. A bottle of wine every two days, and unnecessary wax candles, were the perquisites of the ladies' maids." The pages would sometimes be seen walking out of the presence of Royalty with a bottle of wine sticking out of each pocket; and the State page would coolly go round to those persons who had attended

the drawing-rooms, and, book in hand, demand his fees for nothing in particular.

Miss Murray denies, or at least doubts, the statement that Queen Charlotte was stern and severe in her enforcement of etiquette. She repeats from recollection some anecdotes which she heard her Majesty tell of her early years in this country:—

"The English people did not like me much, because I was not pretty; but the King was fond of driving a phaeton in those days, and once he overturned me in a turnip-field, and that fall broke my nose. I think I was not quite so ugly after dat."

"Lady Henderland was one of my ladies. She was left to sit with me in the evening, when the King went to business at nine o'clock. I sat, and the good lady sat, and we both got very tired. At last Lady Henderland said, 'Perhaps your Majesty is not aware that I must wait till your Majesty dismisses me?' 'Oh, good my lady!' I said; 'why did you not tell me dat before?'"

"The King went on one occasion into Kent, to review the volunteers at Lord Rouncey's. He was accompanied by the Queen.

"I was in a tent," she said. "There was a sentinel, but I suppose he was looking at something else; so an old Kentish woman, in a red cloak, made her way in; and she stood staring at me with her arms akimbo. At last she said, 'Well, she is not so ugly as they told me she was!' 'Well, my good woman,' I replied, 'I am very glad of dat.'"

Here follows an anecdote of the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) and his love of swearing:—

"The Princes frequently visited their sisters at my mother's; and enjoyed being received into what, for the time, was a family circle. My youngest brother was then a child. The Duke of Clarence came to spend a few days. It was too much the fashion then for gentlemen to use language which would not now be tolerated in any civilized society. My mother asked as a favour of the Duke that he would avoid making use of some expletives, which her little boy would certainly copy; and think himself justified, after such an example, in making use of. The Duke took this hint most amiably; and, before leaving Weymouth, he said, 'Lady George, have I not been very careful? I am sure your boy has not learnt any naughty words from me.' 'I do feel very grateful, sir,' was her reply; 'but if your Royal Highness could refrain for a week, why not give up a bad habit altogether?'"

"I have understood that Queen Adelaide, after her marriage, induced King William to relinquish this practice; and that in the latter

years of the Sailor Monarch's life he was never known to utter an oath."

Several great fires, believed to be the work of incendiaries, took place in London about that time, creating an amount of excitement equal to that which followed the Fenian outrage in Clerkenwell last December. "The Prince of Wales was believed to have received an anonymous letter, with the information that he would hear of many public buildings being on fire, and it was whispered that a train of gunpowder was happily discovered in time at the Opera House." The Fenians of those days were the disaffected English who objected to the ruinous taxation consequent on the war, and who wished to follow in the wake of revolutionary France. Of Lord Eldon we have a good story. Dining one day with the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Mannes Sutton) at the King's table, he said, "It is a curious fact that your Majesty's Archbishop and your Majesty's Chancellor both married their wives clandestinely. I had some excuse, for Bessie Surtees was the prettiest girl in all Newcastle; but Mrs. Sutton was always the same pumpkin-faced thing she is at present!" The King was much amused, and told the story to the Princesses. The subjoined anecdote, illustrative of the stinginess of Sir William Scott, brother of Lord Eldon, is not new, but it is good:—

"At the conclusion of a week's visit, in a large house, Lady Scott came down to her hostess, with arms extended, carrying a huge number of towels. 'Madam, look here!' she said. 'I think it my duty to make you aware of the extravagance of your housemaids: day after day I have locked up useless towels that have been put into mine and Sir William's rooms; yet they were always replaced. Look at all this linen, ma'am!—towel upon towel, and during all this week *one* has served us both!'"

The daughter of Lord Eldon told Miss Murray that she and her mother had but one bonnet between them! At the time of the Court mourning, the Chancellor would send his daughter a piece of tape, telling her to measure carefully the length of her petticoat, that there might be no unnecessary waste in the quantity of bombazine to be sent.

Coming to the year 1809, we read that Sir Humphrey Davy gave it as his opinion that "it would be as easy to bring down a bit of the moon to light London as to succeed in doing so with gas." Scientific men

are as liable to make mistakes in science as theologians in religion. Robert, Stephenson affirmed that to make a canal across the Isthmus of Suez was an impossibility; yet M. de Lesseps has triumphed nevertheless.

Miss Murray is rather severe on the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline. She writes:—

"There was about this period (1809) an extravagant 'furore' in the cause of the Princess of Wales. She was considered an ill-treated woman, and that was enough to arouse popular feeling. My brother was among the young men who helped to give her an ovation at the Opera.

"A few days afterwards he went to a breakfast at a place near Woolwich. There he saw the Princess, in a gorgeous dress, which was looped up to show her petticoat, covered with stars, with silver wings on her shoulders, sitting under a tree, with a pot of porter on her knee; and, as a finale to the gaiety, she had the doors opened of every room in the house, and, selecting a partner; she galloped through them, desiring all the guests to follow her example! It may be guessed whether the gentlemen were anxious to clap her at the Opera again."

The intended marriage of the Princess Charlotte to the Prince of Orange is said by Miss Murray to have been broken off owing to the intrigues of the Grand Duchess of Russia, who made the Prince drunk at a party at which he was to have waltzed with the Princess, and so disgusted the latter that she gave her hand to Prince Leopold of Coburg (the late King of the Belgians), to whom she had previously formed an attachment. Miss Murray is of opinion that the Princess was in fact starved to death. She was found one day in tears over her luncheon of tea and bread-and-butter. "She had been accustomed to take a mutton chop and a glass of port wine, and she said she felt quite weak for want of it—Sir Richard Croft having forbidden any meat in the middle of the day. She required a generous diet, and, having always been used to it, she felt the loss; yet the orders of her physician were strictly obeyed, and I think her life was the sacrifice." We certainly manage better in these respects now.

With a letter from Mrs. Jameson to the authoress, written from Lake Superior at the time of the accession of our present Queen, we must close this amusing volume:—

"We hailed a schooner with, 'What

news?" "William IV. dead, and Queen Victoria reigning in his stead!"

"We sat there silent, looking at one another, and at that moment the orb of day rose out of the Lake, and poured its beams full in our dazzled eyes.

"Many thoughts came into my mind, some tears rose into my eyes, not certainly for that dead King, who, in ripe age and in all honour, was gathered to the tomb; but for that living Queen, so young and fair.

"As many hopes hung on that noble head
As there hang blossoms on the boughs in
May."

"And what will become of them — of her?"

"The idea that even here, in this new world of woods and waters, amid these remote wilds, to her utterly unknown, her power reaches, and her sovereignty is acknowledged, filled me with compassionate awe. I say compassionate, for if she feel in its full extent the liabilities of her position, alas for her! and if she feel them not, oh! worse and worse.

"I tried to recall her childish figure and features. I thought over all I had ever heard concerning her. I fancied her not such a thing as they could make a mere pageant of; for that, there is too little without, too much within. And what will they make of her? for at eighteen she will hardly make any thing of them — I mean of the men and women around her. It is of the woman I think more than of the Queen; for, as part of the State machinery, she will do quite as well as another, better perhaps; so far, her youth and her sex are absolutely in her favour. If she be but simple-minded, and true-hearted, and straightforward, with a common portion of intellect; if a Royal education have not blunted in her the quick perceptions and pure, kind instincts of the woman; if she has only had fair play, and carries into business plain distinct notions of right and wrong, and the fine moral sense that is not to be confounded by diplomatic verbiage about expediency, she will do better for us than a whole Cabinetful of cut-and-dried officials, with Talleyrand at the head of them.

"And what a fair heritage is this which has fallen upon her! — a land young like herself, a land of hopes; and fair, most fair. Does she know, does she care any thing about it? while hearts are beating warm towards her, and voices bless her, and hands are stretched out towards her, even from these wild lake shores."

We are indebted to Miss Murray for a pleasant collection of gossip. None of her matter may be valuable, and some may be trivial; but her little volume helps to render more vivid the England of a vanished day, and on that account it will be read and prized by many.

EFFECT OF ABSENCE OF SOUND. — Dr. H. Ralls Smith, of Louisville, Kentucky, by certain investigations, claims to have established the truth of the theory that animals living permanently in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky are not only without a trace of the optic nerve, but are also destitute of the sense of hearing. At one time, writes the *New York Tribune*, he penetrated about four miles into the interior of the cave, and some four hundred feet below the surface of the earth, the solitude and total absence of sound produced a very distressing and almost insupportable effect upon him, resulting in a very perceptible, although temporary, deflection of hearing and aberration of mind. This explains the fact why persons lost in the cave for one, two, or three days have always been found, when rescued, in a state of temporary insanity. The mind and special senses, deprived of their natural pabulum and stimulus, gradually become weakened, paralyzed, atrophied, and finally as far as external manifestations are concerned, nearly if not quite extinct. This fact may afford some clue to the cause of cretinism in the Alpine valleys.

HUMAN NATURE. — And withal, I suppose there was never an age in which a more genuine enthusiasm was felt and manifested by all classes for country pursuits. I do not mean merely that Englishmen are more eager than ever after country sports. But the whole tendency of the modern English mind seems to be towards naturalism. Our best art is naturalistic. This century has seen the creation of a school of water-colour painting whose aim is the delineation of realistic landscape. And natural history seems likely to become the favourite pursuit of our boys and girls, since the study of it has been taken up with enthusiasm by clever men who are also popular writers. And the frame of mind which impels men to the study of natural history is one which can be very easily understood. Undoubtedly the proper and the natural study of mankind is man. There can be no such subject of interest for the human mind as that which is afforded by the hopes, the fears, the interests, the habits, the progress or retrogression of the human race. Whether regarded in the light of history, or politics, or religion, or ethics, or metaphysics, the *humani nihil alienum* is a touch of nature which will always wring plaudits from pit, gallery, and boxes — from all classes and conditions of men. And at first sight it does seem a monstrous thing, or the mark of a very little mind, to quit the study of men — of a man, look you, the heir of all ages: "so noble in reason, so infinite in faculties, in form and moving so

express and admirable, in action so like an angel, in apprehension so like a God!" to quit, I say, the study of man, that one may employ oneself in studying an oyster or a shrimp. But the explanation of this is not difficult to find. The young enthusiast of human nature, fresh from the study of history and philosophy, tries to apply what he has learnt in books to the living subject, man. He starts with a generous enthusiasm of humanity; he enters upon a profession; he mixes with men. But he is brought to a sudden pause by the dead weight of practical experience. Like a young horse starting with his first load, instead of moving onward with a slow and steady pull, he attempts a rush: the dead weight checks him, the collar galls him, and he becomes for the time a jibber. To drop metaphor, there probably comes a time in the experience of most men when the study of human nature, of their fellow-man, his pursuits, his aims, his hopes — a study which they entered upon with such avidity at first — becomes distasteful to them. Practically, they find him to be a meaner being, occupying a lower place in the scale of creation than they had thought. As their knowledge of the world widens, they find that some one or two men whom they had looked up to as their guides and teachers are not perfect or infallible. They find out in them that weaker side of humanity in which all men share. And so, from being hero-worshippers, they become for a time misanthropists. The fact is, they have probed just deep enough to find the devil in man, but they have not probed deep enough to find the angel. And the worst of it is that the devil they get at in most modern men is such a poor devil after all, deteriorated, says the sneering philosopher, by much intercourse with man; who does not seem to know how to sin upon a grand scale, but is a compound of meanness and petty shifts — not Milton's devil, but rather Göthe's; a sneering, shifty Mephistophelian fiend, and not the primæval Satan at all. — *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE SHAM SACERDOS.

(Ritualist sings)

Amo a mass;
I make a lass,
Of conscience nice and tender,
Upon her knee
Confess to me,
For she's of the feminine gender!
Harum scarum, BISHOP SARUM,
Horum corum, shrive, O!
Tag-rag, M. B. waistcoat, chasuble and
hatband,
Hic, hoc, humbug vocativo.

— *Punch*.

MIDDLE AGE.

I.

Just a little dowly I sit alone to-night,
And see on the far horizon's verge the line of
pale gray light,
And hear the mystic music, the deep unceasing
roar,
As the restless billows swell and break along
the level shore.

II.

Just a little dowly — as I know the hill is turned,
And what of all the glorious things for which
my spirit yearned,
While yet the eager footstep sprang along the
upward way? —
My dreams lie shivered at my feet, and my hair
is turning gray!

III.

Just a little dowly, fool that I am, c'en still!
Because all beauty as of yore my heart and eyes
can fill;
Because the grandeur of the sea I prize as truly
now
As when its breezes blew bright curls from an
unwrinkled brow;

IV.

Because a high heroic act; because sweet poet-
words,
Bright poet-fancies, echo yet back from my
spirit-chords;
Because my love is warm and frank; because
my pulses hold
Their whilome power — I half forget that I am
growing old.

V.

Till, just a little sadly, some trifle brings it all
Sweeping across my sunshine, turning my wine
to gall;
And anxious thoughts, and fearful doubts, and
yearning sorrows come:
Ah, little fear that Time's stern voice should
over-long be dumb!

VI.

Just a little dowly — ah, come my bonnie
bairns;
Let Grief, and Loss, and Memory brood o'er
their rising cairns!
Creep close to me, my maidens; laugh out my
noble boy!
God spare my flowers, and middle-age claims
fearlessly her joy.

— *Tinsley's Magazine*

S. R. P.